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HIGH SCHOOL COMMENCEMENT EXERCISES.

Eleven Boys and Girls Comprise Class of 1909.

A SUCCESSFUL SCHOOL YEAR.

Class Day Exercises Saturday—Commencement Concert Monday Evening—Commencement Exercises Tuesday Evening—Thoughtless Prank Mars an Otherwise Beautiful Closing.

This year there are eleven graduates from the Smethport High School, which is one the largest classes we have had in a number of years. This speaks well for the interest taken in our schools, and especially so as six of the eleven are boys, a very unusual case in this vicinity at least. Following are the names of the graduates: Paul O. Apple, Walter N. Apple, Grace Elizabeth Curran, Fannie C. Foster, Mildred J. Gleason, Floyd E. Heath, Anna Linnea Lilgenthal, Katharine Mayo, Charles McGowan and Harold Schooler.

CLASS DAY EXERCISES.

The class day exercises of the class of 1909 were held in the high school building, Saturday at three thirty o'clock. The study room had been handsomely decorated with ferns and azaleas by the class of 1910 and the senior class colors—red and blue—draped the front of the room.

Shortly after the appointed time the members of the class took their places and the president, Floyd E. Heath, spoke briefly of the pleasure that the class felt upon this occasion to which they had looked forward so many years.

Walter Apple as salutatorian welcomed the guests heartily after which the history of the trials and pleasure of the class was pleasingly related by Linnea Lilgenthal.

In the Class Will, Elmer Ottoson in behalf of 1909 about to die distributed all the possessions and privileges of the class among the other students and Fannie Foster as class violinist rendered a pleasing violin solo. She was accompanied by Ella Gallup.

Charles McGowan then addressed the juniors pointing out their faults in an amusing manner and presenting the historic shovel and pen. Allen Morrison responded in behalf of the juniors and demonstrated that seniors as well as juniors have faults and failings.

Harold Schooler's oration on the life of Johnson was well delivered and showed careful preparation and knowledge of the subject.

Bessie Curran displayed her poetic ability in the prophecy and predicted a wonderful future for Smethport as well as for the members of the class.

An excellent piano solo was given by Mildred Gleason after which Katharine Mayo delivered the valedictory. She took for her subject "Courage" speaking of the courage necessary in the battle of life and in closing urged the class to be courageous and victorious in their careers.

The audience then adjourned to the lawn where Paul Apple planted the ivy and delivered the ivy oration comparing the progress of an individual to the ivy in its efforts to cover the building.

The productions were uniformly good and abounded in clever allusions and hits showing the wit and cleverness of their authors.

THE COMMENCEMENT CONCERT.

A full house greeted the pupils of the Smethport Public Schools on Tuesday evening, the occasion being a concert representing the result of this one year's study in music under the direction of Miss Mabel E. Todd.

It is a matter for congratulation that the pupils of Smethport are given such splendid opportunities, our school being ranked as one of the sixty-seven schools of the first-class in the State of Pennsylvania.

The Commencement Concert demonstrated fully what can be attained by careful practice under so competent and enthusiastic a musical instructor as Miss Todd. The numbers throughout the varied and pleasing program were rendered with a precision, a pureness of tone, a perfection of tempo and accent seldom attained by any but trained professional singers. The one especial feature most pleasing to the audience was the distinct enunciation of every word. Some of the songs were little stories of a dramatic quality like the "Three Chestnuts" and "Aunt Marjory." The audience saw the point every time, and it is safe to say there never was an entertainment given in the Lyceum which was listened to with greater attention nor one that gave more genuine satisfaction.

The High School Chorus in itself would be sufficient evidence of a good years's work, but there are also the Glee Club, the Male Quratette and the Girls' Chorus organized from high school students. From the spontaneous and prolonged applaus with which their efforts were greeted they may feel sure that their steady practice was repaid by the results obtained.

The chorus from the upper grades singing "The Holy City" brought tears to the eyes of many. The pupils are young and the music is of a high order which touches the deepest feelings. When they gave "The Star Spangled Banner" the house nearly went wild. It has never before been so perfectly sung here.

Of course the choruses and drills from the lower grades were just the cutest and sweetest things in the world. The Brownie Chorus alone was worth the price of admission.

"The Village Blacksmith," given by the High School Chorus, was a fitting finale to this delightful musical evening. Longfellow's well-known words being beautifully set to music with anvils ringing an accompaniment. Miss Neal sang the obligato. Leona Hogarth, a pupil of the eighth grade, played the piano accompaniment throughout the concert with the exception of the Flower Girl chorus, which was rendered by Mrs. Scott Walker.

The concert was an unqualified success and a great credit to Miss Todd, to the teachers and to the pupils of the Smethport Schools.

COMMENCEMENT EXERCISES.

The commencement exercises of the Smethport High School were held at the Lyceum Tuesday evening and were attended by many friends of the graduates and faculty. The program consisted of several musical numbers, an address, presentation of diplomas, and a prayer and benediction. All was faithfully carried out with the exception of the presentation of diplomas which was deferred, owing to a most unfortunate condition unexpectedly brought about by some malicious inclined person or persons.

The first number on the program was the "Soldiers' Chorus" from Faust, which was beautifully rendered by the High School Chorus. Then followed the prayer by Rev. E. N. Turner, pastor of the Baptist church. Next came "My Wild Irish Rose" by the Boys' Glee Club, which made such a hit the previous night.

Dr. Oden C. Gortner of Mansfield State Normal School delivered his address to the graduates. Dr. Gortner gave a clear, concise, business like talk to his hearers, without any wonderful bursts of oratory, that was full of excellent ideas and advice.

Two more musical numbers were given by the High School Chorus, the "Village Blacksmith" and "Away to the Woods," both of which were highly applauded. After the benediction by Rev. Turner the older people retired and the younger ones stayed for a pleasant evening at dancing.

AN UNFORTUNATE CIRCUMSTANCE.

The unfortunate circumstance spoken of above was a most thoughtless or malicious piece of work by some of the scholars, and those implicated should receive punishment in accordance with their misdeeds.

Sometime during Tuesday afternoon three of the legs of the platform upon which Miss Todd stood while directing the choruses, were sawed off and the fourth so weakened that it would break as soon as her weight was on it, and it is most fortunate that this cowardly act was discovered before she took her position, for had it not been discovered she would have undoubtedly been thrown violently into the orchestra pit and might have been seriously injured.

This platform was so draped as to hide the treacherous work and it was discovered by accident. While working in the orchestra pit Janitor Downey bumped or leaned against it and the stand gave way revealing what had been done. The legs of the platform had been sawed off on an angle so that it would bear little more than its own weight.

As soon as this plot to at least humiliate Miss Todd, the successful instructor in music and German, the school board decided to withhold the diplomas, pending an investigation, and an effort is being made to find all the facts in the case and justly punish those who are guilty. Those of the graduating class who are innocent will be given their diplomas as soon as the facts are known, but what will be done with those who are guilty has not as yet been decided upon.

Automobile for Sale.

Engine and Change Speed Gear guaranteed in perfect condition, newly painted and thoroughly overhauled, fine running condition. Has detachable tonneau, carries either two or four passengers, fully equipped with oil lights and gas headlight, extra tire and inner tubes. This is a "snap" for some one and should be taken quick. Price complete $275.00.

BACKUS NOVELTY CO.
tf Smethport, Pa.

For Sale Cheap.

4 heating stoves, 1 cook stove, 1 hot plate & oven, 1 refrigerator, quantity of Linoleum, quantity of gas fixtures.

B. J. CUMMINS,
Bank street, Smethport.

Entered Into Life Eternal

Agnes McCoy MacQuiston, Wednesday morning, June 9, 1909, at the home of her sister, Mrs. E. H. Baker of Erie, Pa., in the thirty-first year of her age.

Mrs. MacQuiston was the youngest daughter of Dr. H. L. and Clara Ford McCoy of Smethport. She was born and lived most of her life among the hills that surrounded her home and the friends that loved her so well. She was of a cherry disposition, generous and unselfish, warm-hearted and kindly to all. Her personality revealed the finer instincts of life as manifested in the good, the true and the beautiful.

Mrs. MacQuiston was exceptionally talented in music, and her charming voice will long be remembered by the entire community. She was a devoted member of St. Luke's church and of St. Christopher's Guild, where her talents were freely offered.

She was united in marriage to Mr. Harvey MacQuiston of Mexico City, April 11th, 1904, where she has made her home most of the time since her marriage.

Besides her sorrowing husband, father, mother, sister and brother, Charles E. McCoy, she is survived by one son, John D., aged about two and a half years.

We shall miss her joyous disposition and her sympathetic spirit; we shall miss her genial ways. And knowing our loss cannot compare with the great misfortune of those who are nearest and dearest, we extend to the bereaved ones our most sincere sympathy.

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IN LOVING MEMORY.

O Paradise, O Paradise who does not crave for rest
Who would not seek the happy land
Where they that love are blest.
Where loyal hearts and true,
Stand ever in the light,
All rapture thro' and thro',
In God's most holy sight.

So sang our beloved friend as she entered Paradise in the early dawn of June 9, 1909. Mrs. Agnes McCoy MacQuiston was born December 30, 1878. She had a pleasing personality and a most beautiful voice which was always freely given to the services of the church which she loved—and to her friends.

Great indeed is our loss, a dear friend, a voice of rare quality, to her friends and neighbors a loving and thoughtful child. But "There is a height higher than mortal thought; There is a love warmer than mortal love. There is a life which taketh not its hues from earth and earthly things and so grows pure, and higher than the petty cares of men. And is a blessed life and glorified."

***

In the sudden taking away of Mrs. MacQuiston Smethport loses one of its most talented and popular young matrons; a young woman whose greatest pleasure in life was making those around her happy; one who radiated sunshine from her own bright, happy life; one who even broken in health was happy at heart and never burdened others with her physical suffering, and a woman universally beloved by all who knew her. She was a member of and faithful worker in St. Luke's church and she will be greatly missed by all the members of the church and choir. She possessed a wonderfully clear, sweet soprano voice and when she sang, her voice became a mirror, showing her pure, sweet, true, loving soul in a way that made her a great favorite with all music lovers. We bespeak the feelings of everyone who knew her well, when we say that our best and truest friends has been called to her reward in Heaven.

Mrs. MacQuiston's remains will arrive here this afternoon from Erie, and up to the time of going to press we have not been able to learn the time set for the funeral services.

$300,000 Fire at Medix Run.

About 1:30 o'clock Tuesday afternoon fire broke out in the Medix Run mill of the Goodyear Lumber Co. as if by spontaneous combustion. The employes of the mill had to jump from doors and windows, so rapidly did the fire spread.

The fire originated at a place nearly where the hose and fire fighting apparatus was kept, thus depriving the men of any means to combat the flames, and as the little town depended on the apparatus at the mill for its protection, little, if anything could be done to check it until help could arrive from DuBois.

In response to the call for assistance DuBois sent three fire engines, hose and a body of firemen were dispatched to Medix Run by special train, but arrival was not until after the mill was consumed, together with about five millions of lumber in the yard, and some twenty-five or thirty cars, which had been placed for loading.

The firemen made a bold stand, and did excellent work in checking the fire before it reached the planing mill and tannery, otherwise the loss would have probably reached close to a million.

From the information at hand, this Tuesday morning, it is thought the loss will reach nearly $300,000 on mill, lumber, docks and cars, all which was pretty well insured.—Austin Autograph.

Have your Lawn Mower put in shape, better than new. Holmes & Gilfillan.

DOINGS IN THE JUNE TERM OF CRIMINAL COURT

Many Minor Cases Disposd of by the Court.

MACEDONIAN SHOOTING NOT TRIED.

The Cock Fighting Case of Local Interest is Yet to be Heard—A Busy Week and a Large Crowd at Court.

The regular June term of criminal court opened at the court house Monday afternoon at 2 o'clock with Hon. Joseph W. Bouton presiding. L. W. Oakes of Bradford was appointed foreman of the grand jury by Judge Bouton and the usual routine of business was disposed of, such as constables' returns, motions, etc. There are many cases to be tried and there is a large crowd in attendance at court.

The Macedonian shooting case which occurred in this borough two weeks ago will not come before the court this term. Nadelko, who was so seriously wounded is still in a precarious condition and Dusta, who did the shooting, is still in the county jail awaiting the result of his victim's injuries.

Harry M. Jack, son of Attorney D. H. Jack, of Bradford, a popular and able young man who has been studying in his father's office, was admitted to practice law before the courts of this county and received many congratulations on attaining a place in the legal profession.

Isadore Whitestone was registered as a student in law. Mr. Whitestone is a Bradford young man, son of David Whitestone, a graduate of Yale and at present secretary to Hon. C. F. Barclay, representative in Congress from this district.

Five applicants for citizenship papers were duly sworn in as naturalized citizens of the republic.

The grand jury returned true bills against C. A. Rudenour, larceny; Lewis Halliday, forgery; Daniel Saunders, statutory burglary; William Halliday and Albert Boxey, statutory burglary.

Memorial exercises were conducted Monday afternoon in honor of a deceased member of the bar, the late Daniel W. Healey, Esq., of Bradford. Eloquent tributes were rendered to his memory by Attorneys F. P. Schoonmaker, R. B. Stone, Guy B. Mayo, James George, E. E. Tate, F. D. Gallup and Judge Bouton. Resolutions expressive of the high esteem in which he was held because of excellent personal and professional qualities, were submitted and adopted as a further mark of respect court adjourned at the conclusion of the eulogies, until Tuesday morning.

The case of the Commonwealth against William Halliday of Port Allegany was tried on Tuesday before the court here and the defendant was found guilty.

C. A. Rudenow, charged with larceny was also tried and found guilty. Rudenow stole a suit case which he afterwards sold for 50 cents. The jury recommended him to the leniency of the court.

The grand jury found true bills against "Maje" Goodrich, larceny; Jack Knesler, assault and battery; Lewis Halliday, forgery; William Brennan, larceny.

Robert Moss and Fred Jones of Bradford, charged with stealing were found not guilty and the county pay the cost.

Daniel Saunders and Lewis Holliday, charged with burglary of a store near Port Allegany, first pleaded not guilty, but later withdrew this plea and pleaded guilty.

Thomas Welch, chared with stealing an overcoat was given a trial yesterday and this morning the jury returned a verdict of guilty.

The grand jury found true bills against Charles Geisinger, larceny; Nick Asselto, selling liquor without license, and James Edward and William Murphy, larceny.

"Not a true bill," was the decision of the grand jury after hearing evidence in the case brought against P. J. Hennessey charging him with selling liquor to persons of intemperate habits. This was the accusation made by the wife of "Maje" Goodrich. It has caused much comment.

Nick Asselto, charged with selling liquor without a license in Liberty township, pleaded not guilty, but subsequently changed his plea to "guilty." Judge Bouton sentenced him to three months' imprisonment in the county jail and to pay a fine of $500 and the cost of prosecution. Asselto formerly kept a small cigar store in Bradford.

The grand jury found true bills against Pasquall Moricco, Frank Pasquarino and Josephine Caruso. They are charged with attempting to terminate the earthly career of Josephine's husband. It is a Bradford case, of course, and contains sensational elements. Some weeks ago on a Sunday evening Josephine's husband, an employe of the Erie railroad, in said city, was suspicious and ill-at-ease. He knew that Moricco was in town from Johnsonburg and recalling that Moricco was an especial favorite of his wife Josephine—Moricco having formerly been a boarder in the Caruso home—he investigated matters. In his house he found a man under a bed and the man shot him through the arm and in the left side. The three defendants are suspected of having knowledge of the crime and of participation in it.

The grand jury found not a true bill against Marvin Norris of Kane charged with assault and battery and the costs were placed upon the prosecutor, J. N. Paxton.

The cock fighting case which is of interest to many Smethport sports will be tried later in the week.

SATURDAY'S PRIMARIES.

A Very Light Vote Cast in Most of the Districts in the County.

The primaries held in the various districts of the county last Saturday for the purpose of naming State delegates and candidates for jury commissioner, created little or no excitement and an extremely small vote was cast.

The only contest was between J. Emory Abbott of Bradford and W. P. Beckwith of Keating township for jury commissioner on the Republican ticket and Abbott is a winner, Abbott received 376 votes and Beckwith 261. The balance of the nominations are as follows:

Republican—Delegates to state convention, James A. Connolly, A. J. Nedstrom, Merton L. Willis.

Democratic—Delegates to State convention, Asher R. Johnson, C. G. Kelts; jury commissioner, Edward R. Benson.

Prohibition—Delegates to State convention, W. F. Barr, W. H. Dennis, Victor Engstrom, H. B. Hilton, Elisha K. Kane, Thomas L. Kane, S. M. Love, Paul P. Lyon, C. F. Piper, George V. Thompson; alternates to state convention, M. C. Field, F. M. Hotchkiss, J. A. Hooper, Mrs. E. K. Kane, R. N. McCoy, L. L. Mitchell, Howard L. Spangler, C. J. Wickham, J. C. Young; jury commissioner, Howard L. Spangler; county chairman, Howard L. Spangler; secretary to committee, Paul P. Lyon; treasurer to committee, George V. Thompson.

Socialist—Delegates to state convention, J. M. Barr; jury commissioner, Goodrich D. Haven.

A Strange Tale.

A Smethport young man was driving along a country road in this county the other day, with one of those handsome big motor cars so numerous in the County Seat and seeing a fair girl walking along the pike came to a stop and invited her to ride. She promptly accepted the invitation. Some remarks were made about the running of horseless carriages and then she suddenly became confidential. "Say," the girl began, "have you got any smokin' tobacco?"

The young man was somewhat surprised at this and wondered why she asked.

"Yes," he informed her. "I regret to say that I am addicted to the smoking habit. I have tobacco."

"Well," said the girl, "I shoulda brought some with me, but I was in sich a darned hurry I furgot it. Will ye give me a pipe full?"

"Certainly," said the astounded Smethport young man. And then he was surprised still further by seeing the young woman produce from a pocket in her clothing a rough looking, dark complexioned old clay pipe. She filled the pipe with tobacco, borrowed a match, lit it and puffed away like a smoke stack. The fumes of the tobacco in that old clay pipe were difficult to endure and so were the vacant stares of the country folk who drove by, but the Smethport young man made the best of it. When finally the passenger announced that she would have to take a different road, Mr. ——— made no protest. But hereafter he will be just a trifle more particular about asking strangers to ride in his auto.—Bradford Era.

We have interviewed several of our automobilists and all we have seen deny being the one named. Therefore we are not certain whether this is a true tale or a pipe dream.

For Sale.

Horses, wagons, carriages, buggies, harnesses, robes, farming implements, harvesting machinery and fertilizer. In fact if you want anything to supply the horse or farm, new or second hand, call on or address,

E. W. JONES, Liveryman,
Opp. Court House, Smethport, Pa.

Barnum & Bailey's Circus at Olean June 11th.

Account Barnum & Bailey's circus at Olean, June 11th, P., S. & N. R. R. will run excursion on regular trains. Fare from Smethport $1.00. Train leaves 8:38 a. m. Jos. T. Odell, Genl. Pass. Agent.

Wanted—A competent girl for general house work. Good wages to right party. Inquire at Fry & Comes store.

Alfred Sturdvient has a new soft drink, Raspberry Cream. Try it.

COL. McCLURE DEAD.

Veteran Journalist and Politician Lived to be 81 Years Old—A Notable Career.

Col. Alexander K. McClure, prothonotary of the supreme and superior courts of Pennsylvania and for many years a prominent figure in politics and journalism, died Sunday at his home in Wallingford, Delaware county, aged 81 years.

Col. McClure had been suffering from infirmities due to his advanced years.

Col. McClure was born in Perry county, Pennsylvania, and when only 19 years of age became the editor of the Juniata Sentinel.

A member of the Republican convention which nominated Lincoln in 1860, McClure was the one who suggested that the Pennsylvania delegates should break away from Simon Cameron of Pennsylvania and vote for Lincoln. This was done and Lincoln's name stampeded the convention.

When the Civil war broke out McClure was a leader in the state senate. He was chairman of the committee on military affairs and closely identified with the war policy of Governor Curtin. He formed close relations with President Lincoln and his cabinet and took a prominent part in national politics. As adjutant general he superintended the drafting of Pennsylvania troops.

McClure came to Philadelphia more than fifty years ago. With the late Frank McLaughlin he established the Times and for years wielded a stronch ant editorial pen. His bitter attacks upon the "Dandy Mayor," William B. Smith's administration, caused the latter to bring suit for libel against the Times. Smith was given a verdict of nearly $50,000.

After advancing years had caused him to give up his editorial labors he busied himself with writing his reminiscences and revising earlier works. In 1906 he was appointed prothonotary of the supreme and superior courts of the state.

Potato Bugs and Blights.

Information has been received by the Division of Zoology of the Pennsylvania Department of Agriculture from some of the principal potato districts of the State to the effect that the potato bug, or Colorado beetle, is already noticeably at work on the young potato plants and threatens to do considerable damage. Blight may also cause much damage to potato growers.

In answer to some of the queries as to how to destroy the bugs, as well as prevent blight, State Zoologist Surface replies as follows:

"The Colorado potato beetle or potato bug will be very destructive in many parts of this State this year. Spray with the Bordeaux mixture to which poison is added. Make the Bordeaux mixture by using four pounds of blue stone and five pounds of lime in fifty gallons of water and to this add either one half pound of Paris Green or two pounds of arsenate of lead. Spray thoroughly and you will prevent blight and also kill the bugs. Repeat this once every two weeks for blight, but if there are no bugs present, you need not add the poison. Whenever the bugs are present add the poison and spray for them. There is no rule concerning the frequency of repetition for potato bugs as we simply spray when they come and kill them as soon as possible. If you do not wish to go to the trouble of making the Bordeaux mixture for the blight, or are willing to run the risk of the blight not coming, you can kill the potato beetles by spraying with either of the two poisons mentioned, in fifty gallons of water alone. But the best thing to do is to make the regular Bordeaux mixture with lime and bluestone and then add the poison to this. The Bordeaux is for plant diseases only, and will not kill insects. It is thus a fungicide. To make it an insecticide we add the poison as described above."

Wife Drowned in His Arms.

Louis Cohen of Buffalo made a desperate though futile attempt to save his wife from drowning herself in Niagara river last Sunday afternoon. With suicide intent the young woman jumped into the river 150 feet above the cataract. He followed her immediately and grasping her in his arms made heroic efforts to get her ashore but the current was so strong that he was carried down stream until he lodged on an uprooted stump to which he clung and called for help. When aid finally came a rope was thrown to him and as he was being towed ashore the current swept his wife out of his arms, so nearly was he exhausted. The body was recovered later. He was in the water over an hour and his wife must have died in his arms while he was clinging to the stump.

Summer Millinery.

All that is newest, most becoming and satisfactory in the line of Millinery. The very latest ideas skillfully carried out by trimmers and assistants who know how to secure proper effects.

16tf MRS. CARRIE CLARK.

Wanted: ... tract of cheap land —5,000 ... more. Star Realty Company, ... Fourth ave., Pittsburg, Pa.

THE PENITENT WIFE.

By ARTHUR MAXWELL.

(Copyright, 1900, by American Press Association.)

"Mary!" called Mrs. Fenton, the pretty, young, but rather jealously inclined wife of George Fenton. Mrs. Fenton was plainly angry and held in her hands a letter which showed signs of having been carried long in a pocket with tobacco and pencils.

"Yes, ma'am," answered Mary, coming to the door [illegible] door led to the dining room [illegible] was from there that Mary came.

The little parlor or reception day had another door which led to the bedroom and still another which gave out into the general hall. And Mary stood looking with surprise at her young mistress, for it was evident that she was laboring under some heavy strain.

"Mary, Oh, Mary, just to think! I have found this letter in George's pocket, and I am heartbroken. I never thought he would do such a thing. He always pretended to love me so." And here she [illegible] in tears.

"Oh, don't take on so'm. Now, beleike it wor some thing he picked up in the strate to show your."

"Oh, mary, you told me not to marry a [illegible] I should. Listen! My own lovey dovey. Your own owniest chicky wicky will [illegible] the gatey patey at 9. I can't [illegible] Dotty Dimple."

"Now, Mary, I am sure this letter is not all right. I'll punish him! I'll put his love to a test that will show whether he loves me or Dotty Dimple best. Mary, I'll be dead when he comes."

"Oh, Mrs. Fenton!"

"Now, don't cry, Mary. I don't mean really to kill [illegible] going to pretend I'm dead and [illegible] me."

Mrs. Fenton was very young.

"I'll go and get out my old crape veil and tie it on the doorknob and get some flowers and all sort of things. When he comes and sees [illegible] here. Lower the curtains, and I'll be laid out on the table, and you get out two of my best sheets and a pillow. We'll put these two tables together end for end, and I'll be laid out on them, and you pretend to cry. But you must put the flowers on first. Then wattle him quickly and tell me afterward what he does. His only will be [illegible] a year's wages, and we must hurry. You get the things ready while I am out."

Mary was not [illegible] herself, that this was the [illegible] young mistress, who was so very emotional, ever did a [illegible] not at all like the [illegible] to be dead. But there was no resisting her, and she did as she was told.

Mrs. Fenton [illegible] through the [illegible] to the [illegible] stairs, which led to the linen closet, and looked for the "best sheets," and Mary [illegible] pillow. Anyhow it took a long enough for George Fenton to open the hall door with his pass key [illegible] come in quietly. He looked [illegible] as though a shave would do him good. His jolly face was wreathed in smiles, which faded slowly as he saw that his wife was not there. His key had gone out, and he [illegible] with [illegible]:

"Now, where is Annie? Well, the game lasted until daylight, and I am in just time. Well, as she is not here I guess I'll take a chop and a shave.

"WHAT WAS THE MATTER WITH HER?"

She's probably gone to market, and as she doesn't expect me on this train, why, I have half an hour anyhow."

Saying these words, George, the handsome, George, the best traveling salesman east of the Alleghenies; George, the inveterate poker player, took his gripsack and went quietly into the bedroom. There was a fearful and wonderful screen before this door, and one in that room could hear and see all that was taking place in the parlor, himself unseen.

It was not very long before George heard Mary in the parlor moving the tables, but he never interfered in the household matters, and indeed Annie was a famous housekeeper. His face was covered with lather besides. Then he heard the door open and his wife enter. He could not decently rush out and kiss her until he had got the lather off his face, so he hastened the operation, but was suddenly checked by hearing his wife say:

"Now, hurry, Mary, and get the tables together over here by the window and draw the curtains. I've tied the crape on the door. It is nearly time, Mary. I will get up on the table and lie down, and then you cover the sheet over me and fix the wreath on my breast and scatter the other flowers about the room. Then when he comes in you let him find I found this letter on the floor and mind that I say on the door and that I gave one piercing shriek and fell dead."

"I will, ma'am," said Mary, taking the ragged letter.

In the meantime Mrs. Fenton had pushed a chair to the side of the table and prepared to mount, while she said plaintively:

"Oh, Mary, I feel like some of the people they write about—the Indian girls that leap from precipices, singing their death songs.

"Place me on Sunium's marbled steep,
Where nothing but the waves and I
Can hear their ghostly murmurs sweep,
There, swan-like, let me sing and die."

Annie stepped to the table from the chair preparatory to lying down and assuming her corpselike position, Mary gathered her skirts around her feet. Mrs. Fenton had on a very pretty white dress with much lace around the waist. She prepared to "be dead," as Jenny Wren calls it, when George, who had got nearly all the soap out of his eyes and off his face, stepped forward to surprise his pretty wife, whom he sincerely loved. But the strange words and actions caused him to stop, listen and look through a hole in the screen. At first he thought of rushing out and surprising her. But he didn't and stood quite still, awaiting developments.

At last Mrs. Fenton managed to get down to the table, and Mary adjusted her head and the clothes about her feet. Mrs. Fenton closed her eyes and folded her hands across her breast; then she was suddenly struck by a thought.

"Mary, don't cover my face until just before you go to the door. Oh, I forgot to loosen my hair! George likes to see it so! And, Mary, I do hope and pray he may repent after this."

"Well, ma'am, he ought to, but I don't see what he has done."

While this was being said and done George said to himself:

"By jinks, this is getting interesting. I'll help carry this thing out in fine style. It is a joke that can cut two ways. I'll slip out the back way and ring the bell and come in, and I'll bet a stack of little round silver dollars she'll never play such a trick again." And he took his gripsack and went out the back way.

Mary continued arranging the corpse and set all the chairs around the walls as if for a funeral. Then the bell rang suddenly and hard. Mary jumped. Mrs. Fenton said:

"Hurry, quick, give me the powder box!" And she put the powder on so thickly that she did look very white. She continued hurriedly:

"Now, Mary, cover my face carefully so I won't sneeze. Now go and let him in."

As she said this Mrs. Fenton suddenly began to quiver and lift her knees under the sheet and sneezed three times, while Mary was fairly dancing with fear as the bell rang again, this time furiously.

At this minute George was at the door and bounced in, laughing heartily, while Mary looked too shocked for words. He threw the bag down with a slam as he shouted:

"So the old hen has kicked the bucket, hopped the twig, passed in her checks and gone to kingdom come. Well, I'm not going to cry over it. What was the matter with her?"

Mary remembered her instructions and with a tragic air handed him the letter.

"This, sor!"

George took the letter and read it, laughing still harder.

"Yis, sor; she found it on the flure on the [illegible] yis, on the flure, and fell did on the spot."

"What spot?" asked George, looking about him curiously.

"Lor', I don't know, sor," replied the girl, who was beginning to be rattled with the turn affairs were taking.

"Well, I don't care. Now, Mary, this letter was written to her by a big lunkhead of a naked, and I wish he had married her."

At this studied insult Mrs. Fenton lifted her head under the sheet. Mary only saw it and smiled a cry.

"I say, Mary," said George, "you are a nice looking girl and I know you are tidy and a good cook. Now, what do you say to taking the old hen's place. I've had my eye upon you for a long time."

There was another subdued commotion under the sheet.

"Just as soon as she is planted, for it would be an awful bother to break up housekeeping, and you could have all her clothes, her sealskin coat—and—ah—her table linen. (This last was Annie's joy and pride.) Oh, say, I'll have her cremated! I suppose there'll be a coroner's inquest and an autopsy. Yes, I'll have the autopsy, for she swallowed a gold dollar once. And, Mary, get your scissors. I'll cut her hair off. She won't need it where she's gone, and I guess it's worth at least $25. And, Mary, you take out her teeth. They cost $35. And then the sheet quivered again. But he kept his back turned. He continued:

"Well, it was a kind of sudden taking off. But then I save the expense of a doctor's bill, and she was getting along in years—yes, fifty if she was a day."

Mary stammered:

"Laws! I wouldn't have gave her over twenty-two." Mary saw the fist that now protruded. George lighted a cigar and continued:

"Oh, women have a way of fixing themselves up. Now, you wouldn't believe it, but she had a cork leg!"

At last Mary understood that Mrs. Fenton wanted her to get him out of the room and said:

"Ah, Mr. Fenton, won't you come to the dinin' room and eat a bit of some [illegible] you haven't had your brikfast yit."

"No, Mary, I'm having too good a time to leave. This is the first time I've ever smoked in my own parlor. I say, Mary, you are a nice girl. Get some whisky and bring it here. She would never let me have a drop in the house. If I had been all the reprobates she called me—Well, Mary, you are a girl after my own heart."

"Oh, Mr. Fenton please don't talk so. The mistis!"

"Is dead. Long may she stay so. Here, let me put this wreath on your golden head, Mary."

This George proceeded to do, and Mary nearly fainted. Mrs. Fenton, who had borne all she could, sat up, throwing off the sheet, flowers and all and, weeping into one corner of the sheet, she cried:

"Wretch! Villain! How dare you? Aren't you ashamed of yourself? I'll leave you this very hour, making fun of me and lying—yes, you did, you did; you know you did!"

With the powder on her face and her dishevelled hair she looked very wild. He turned and said disgustedly:

"Ah, why didn't you stay dead?"

"I never thought you could be so unfeeling. I thought you cared a little for me, and I wanted to teach you a

"WRETCH! VILLAIN! HOW DARE YOU?"

lesson. Mary, come here and take out my teeth at once. Both my legs are cork. Since I was born in Cork. You hateful thing, wanting to get married again before I was cold! Mary, I give you warning. You are a bold, bad thing. Bring me my things. I'll go home to my mother."

"Mary," said George seriously, "bring a damp towel to wipe off this powder. Listen, Annie. I was on to this from the first. I am heartbroken." As he said these words George threw himself flat on the floor, sobbing aloud: "You might have killed me with the shock, Annie. I hastened home, counting the hours. I came home while you were out, and I went into the bedroom to shave so you would not be disgusted with my rough face. I heard the whole plot. How could you treat an adoring husband like that—so cruelly? Oh, Annie!"

"But I found a letter"—

"I picked that up in the street—also—do some darning. You will find figures on it. But, oh, Annie! Your check of confidence"—

"Oh, George, forgive me! Of course—but I didn't see any figures on it, and, oh! do say you forgive me, George! I am so unhappy."

"I will, Annie, I will, but don't ever doubt me again."

As George took his repentent young wife in his arms she turned and said:

"Mary, you are to stay. George, you are an angel to forgive me so, and you may smoke where you please, and, oh! I'll go and fix my hair."

"Better Dead."

A Massachusetts farmer sent a large black hen as a present to his married daughter, who lives in Springfield, and who wished to keep the present as a pet. Upon the arrival of the fowl it was immediately placed in a coop which chanced to be within sight of the street.

It wasn't long before a neighbor, passing by, said:

"Got a hen, haven't you?"

"Yes," said the new owner.

"Nice black one, isn't it?"

"Yes."

This neighbor was almost immediately followed by another, who made the customary observation:

"Why, you have a hen!"

"Yes."

"Just one?"

"Yes."

"Coal black hen, isn't it?"

"Yes."

An intermission of a few minutes, then another neighbor:

"Well, I do declare, you have a"—

"Mary," called out the lady of the house, "kill the hen for dinner!"—Lippincott's.

Getting Ready.

"George, brush up all of the revolvers in stock."

"Yes, sir."

"And put a display of them in the front window."

"What's the occasion?"

"There is to be a peace conference in town."

Great Men Have Faults.

Great men too often have greater faults than little men can afford room for.—Landor.

Fashion, Not Health.

In nine cases out of ten, says the Iowa Health Bulletin, if a physician tells a woman that in order to improve her health she must wear her clothes in a certain way she will follow the advice of her dressmaker instead.

A Total Abstainer.

Excited Individual—Is this where they swear people? Commissioner For Oaths—Yes, sir. What can I do for you? Excited Individual—I want to take an oath never to put down another carpet.—London Telegraph.

Accommodating Him.

Youth—Oh, I don't want to take that character. I'll make a fool of myself sure. Maiden—Well, you said you wanted an easy part.—Detroit Free Press.

Chased by a Sea Serpent.

"Ever see a sea serpent?"

"I was chased by one once."

"What did you do?"

"Got up and lit the gas."—Pittsburg Post.

A Singular Meal.

One of the most singular meals ever eaten was that given to a select few by an antiquary named Goebel in Brussels some years ago. The bread was made from wheat grown before the children of Israel passed out of Egypt, and it was spread with butter made when Elizabeth ruled England. For fruit there were apples which ripened before the Christian era, and the wine was older than the white man's knowledge of the new world. The bread was made from wheat taken from a chamber in one of the pyramids, the butter (of which there were several pounds) had been found in an earthen crock on a stone shelf under the icy waters of a well in Scotland. A pantry in the ruins of Pompeii had furnished the jar of apples (which were as sweet and finely flavored as if only a few months old), and the flagon of wine had been recovered from an old vault in Corinth. Six guests enjoyed this amazing meal.—Chicago News.

The Englishman and His "Bawth."

"I had a bachelor apartment at one time with an Englishman, who was always talking about his 'bawth, you know,'" said a New York banker. "The first thing of a morning he said: 'I must take my bawth, you know. Really, now, I must take my bawth—haw, haw!'

"He did so much talking about his 'bawth' that I stayed one morning to see him take it—to see if it was different from the bath of the American.

"It was. This is what he did: First he spread a soft towel at the bottom of the bathtub, then turned on the water until it was about two inches high.

"'So as not to chill my feet, you know—haw, haw!' he explained to me.

"Then he stood on the soft towel in the two inches of water, turned on the spray, spring through it, leaped out and rushed for a towel.

"He had taken his 'bawth, you know—haw, haw!'"—Washington Post.

Doors In China.

In China doors are often round, leaf shaped or semicircular. In placing them the builder usually avoids having one opposite another lest evil spirits find their way from the street into the recesses of the building. The doorways separating the courts of a garden are usually of an elaborate kind, and the octagonal form is one of the most popular. Religious superstition asserts itself in Chinese architecture, and the universal sacredness of the numerals 3 and 9 is shown in the arrangement of temple doors. There is a triple gateway to each of the halls of the imperial palace, and the same order prevails at the Ming tombs. The Temple of Heaven has a triple roof, a triple marble staircase, and all its doors the symbolism points either to 3 or its multiples.

The Color of Lakes.

Some lakes are distinctly blue, others are of various shades of green, so that in some cases they are scarcely distinguishable from their level, grass surrounded banks. A few, too, are almost black. The Lake of Geneva is azure hued, the Lake of Constance and the Lake of Lucerne are green, while the color of the Mediterranean has been called indigo. The Lake of Brienz is greenish yellow, and its neighbor, Lake Thun, is blue.

Quicksilver.

The ore from which quicksilver is obtained is a brilliant red rock known as cinnabar. When of high purity it is actually vermilion in color. Cinnabar is the original source of the pigment known commercially as vermilion. It is a compound of sulphur and quicksilver, and in order to separate the latter from the sulphur the rock is roasted. Passing off in the form of a gas, the mercury is afterward condensed and flows out in a fine stream, like a continuous pencil of molten silver. Like gold and silver, mercury is occasionally found in a native or pure state. Sometimes the miner's pick penetrates a cavity that contains a cupful or more of the elusive and beautiful fluid. Miners suffer much from the poisonous effects of the quicksilver fumes. Extreme cleanliness is the best safeguard for workers in this dangerous occupation. Use is also made of a sort of lemonade which serves to a certain extent as an antidote, a strong acid taking the place of lemon juice in the composition of the drink.

Must Keep the Curtains Up.

"In London it is strictly against the law for the driver of any public conveyance to allow the curtains of his vehicle to be pulled down," said a man who has visited the English metropolis. "By day or night the windows of cabs, hansoms, carriages, or what not, whether drawn by horses or propelled by electric power, must be so open to public inspection as to allow a plain view of those occupying the interior. A closed rig wouldn't get a block before a London bobby would nab its driver and take him to a magistrate's office, where he would get no mercy. The law is based on the theory that closed vehicles lend themselves easily to the commission of robbery or murder and that they may also assist a criminal to make his escape."—Baltimore American.

The Gorgons.

The Gorgons were creatures of Greek mythology, mentioned by Homer and Euripides as being of peculiarly abhorrent aspect. Their hair was composed of serpents, their bodies covered with scales and girdled with reptiles with heads erect, vibrating their tongues threateningly, while the hands of the Gorgons, adorned with sharp talons, were of brass. The gaze of the monsters was deadly, all upon whom they fixed their eyes being turned to stone. One of the three terrible sisters was conquered and beheaded by Perseus, and as he took flight in the air en route for Ethiopia, holding the severed head in his hands, the drops of blood which fell from it became serpents, which ever after infested the sands of Lybia.—New York Telegram.

Avoided the Conventional.

"It is a wonderful story," says the publisher to the new author, whose manuscript has just been accepted, "but you have failed in one important feature. You do not describe the way the heroine was dressed when the hero first met her. You'd better write in a paragraph about her clothes, but try to avoid the conventional."

The ingenious author, knowing the sameness of costume descriptions in the best sellers, and also knowing how to [illegible] to the fashion [illegible] wife

[illegible] dotted toward him garbed in [illegible] a 82 hat, with a [illegible] and a $75 tire coat.

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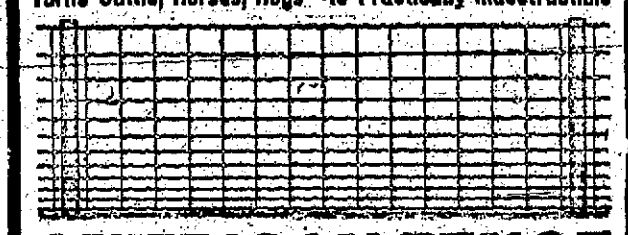

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McKean County Miner

Smethport, Thursday, June 10, 1909.

LOCAL AND GENERAL

—Tea will be served at the Travellers club house from 3 to 5 Saturday afternoon.

—Garden and agricultural implements are advertised by Daly & Garlick this week.

—The new advertisement of the Lindholm Co. this week will be interesting to our women readers.

—Gov. Stuart has fixed June 29th as the date for the execution of Joe Pagano, who murdered John Kibe the night of November 26th, last at Emporium.

—A new walk is being laid in front of the Wright House property, by its proprietors, Dodge & Sherburne. It is of brick and will be grouted the same as the pavement, making an excellent walk.

—The First National Bank, of Eldred opened Tuesday, and Cashier Drake reported the first days business showing a deposit of about $12,000. Hon. Henry Hamlin of Smethport, made a "deposit" of a beautiful bunch of roses. Several changes have been made in the interior arrangements of the bank building and the new officials are pleasant people to do business with. They are now in smooth running order.—Eldred Eagle.

—Thirteen hundred homing pigeons owned by Baltimore men, were liberated at Port Allegany Sunday and after circling about for a short time started rapidly in a southerly direction, six from New York city. A good many people were out to see the liberation which was made about half past six. Information from Baltimore is to the effect that the first home made the two hundred miles in about four hours.—Port Allegany Reporter.

—Fire did $15,000 worth of damage in Bradford last Saturday afternoon when an explosion of gasoline set fire to the garage and machine shop of F. J. Phillips & Co. on Chambers street. The garage and four automobiles were destroyed, together with Mrs. S. E. Price's dressmaking parlor and household effects, James Rider's building adjoining and the printing outfit of F. H. Wright who occupied the Rider building. The fire was caused by the collapse of a barrel containing gasoline.

—H. W. Rubin is having a cement sidewalk laid in front of his store buildings occupied by himself and E. W. Strong.

—It is said that Frank Gotch, the world's champion wrestler, has at last been downed and cupid did the trick. He is to marry Miss Minnie L. Warner of Chicago, a pretty telephone girl.

—A Mothers' meeting will be the feature of the next W.C.T.U. meeting in the M. E. Chapel Wednesday, June 16, at the usual time. Light refreshments will be served, and short a program carried out. Visitors are cordially invited.

—Chris. McNally, the man who assaulted Harry Miller at James City recently and who fled to Jamestown N. Y., where he remained until requisition papers were obtained, was given a hearing at Ridgway yesterday and bound over for his appearance at the next term of court in the sonie of $2,000. Being unable to furnish bail McNally was sent to the county jail. Mr. Miller is getting along very nicely and was walking around on the porch at the hospital when a representative of the Republican visited the institution yesterday afternoon says Saturday's Kane Republican.

—A correspondent of the MINER suggests that it would be an excellent idea when building up the "burned district" to build modern flats on the second stories of the buildings; that flats of this kind are an excellent source of revenue to the owners as well as a good thing for the town and people desiring to locate here who are not able to own their own home. This is an excellent suggestion and let us hope that those who have put up temporary "shacks" will soon replace them with good substantial buildings. We do not wish to unjustly criticise anyone who has put up a temporary building on account of the fire, but the day has arrived when cheap shacks should not be built on Main street and let us hope that those which have recently been erected will be temporary in the strictest sense of the word.

Sometimes you may be told that there are other things just as good as DeWitt's Kidney and Bladder Pills. That isn't so. Nothing made is as good as DeWitt's Kidney and Bladder Pills for any ailments of the kidney or bladder, which always result in weak back, backache, rheumatic pains, rheumatism and urinary disorders. A trial of DeWitt's Kidney and Bladder Pills is sufficient to convince you how good they are. Send your name to E. C. DeWitt & Co., Chicago, for a free trial box. They are sold here by H. C. Wells, Smethport, and F. H. Reed, Clermont.

Nature as a Designer.

Not the least mysterious of all the wonders of the earth is the extraordinary cleverness of Dame Nature as a carver and designer. Her tools are air, rain, rivers, springs and frost. Any one who has ever seen the marvelous Queen Bess rock on the north Cornish coast, that wonderful presentment of Queen Elizabeth, who is seated so grandly upon the sands, must have asked himself the question as to how much a thing could have been accomplished. Continuous trickling of water wears away the face of the rock. Haphazard it was until at last a weird pattern is formed that sometimes resembles a man's face, sometimes an animal. All over the world Nature has placed her picture gallery and her collection of statuary, the biggest free show in the world.

Another work of Nature's that very often results in extraordinary changes being effected is a landslip. And landslips have arisen from the tiniest possible causes. A little underground flow of water had gradually undermined a hill or cliff until at last the earth became like a hollow nut. Then the soil became top heavy. The sea beat against its foundations, and millions of tons of earth were flung into the sea, which proves the axiom that the tiniest beginnings often produce the mightiest ends.—London Standard.

English Luggage Lifters.

English railway companies suffer severely through the purloining of passengers' baggage and other articles by platform thieves, and in some cases it is a difficult matter to find out the miscreant. One of these luggage lifters was on an occasion some time ago seen keeping vigil over a barrow of luggage, and in his hand he carried apparently a good sized portmanteau. He walked up and down the platform several times and at last stopped opposite the luggage. Placing his bag on the barrow for a moment, he then picked it up and walked off. But the lynx eye of one of the railway officials had also been watching the barrow, and, going up to the man, had him arrested and searched. It was found that his apparent portmanteau was only a skeleton and inside had a set of springs, etc., which, when placed over a smaller bag, held the latter in position. But for the smartness of the official another traveler's bag would have been missing.—London Answers.

The Hollow Bones of Birds.

The hollow bones of birds are frequently cited as beautiful instances of providential mechanics in building the strongest and largest possible limb with the least expenditure of material, and this is largely true, and yet birds, like ducks, which cleave the air with the speed of an express train, have the long bones filled with marrow or saturated with fat, while the lumbering bustard, that fairly hurtles over the treetops, has one of the most completely pneumatic skeletons imaginable, permeated with air to the very toe tips, and the ungainly pelican is nearly as well off. Still, it is but fair to say that the frigate bird and turkey buzzards, creatures which are most at ease when on the wing, have extremely light and hollow bones; but, comparing one bird with another, the paramount importance of a pneumatic skeleton to a bird is not as evident as that of a pneumatic tire to a bicycle.—Exchange.

An Earl's Duel With a Butler.

About the middle of the last century the Lord Rosebery of that time was in Paris, and in paying a call one day he was received so rudely by the butler that he complained to his friend of the servant's conduct. But the butler had been a noncommissioned officer in the French army, and as such he challenged Lord Rosebery to a duel. The earl accepted, and two shots were exchanged without result. But Lord Rosebery was angered at his own condescension and afraid his antagonist might lay aside his military rank and resume his duties as a servant, thus exposing an earl to the reproach of having fought with a butler. So he settled an annuity of £250 on the man on condition he did not return to domestic service. The condition was faithfully observed on both sides.

Lord Russell's Retort.

Lord Russell once presided at a dinner given for Sir Henry Irving on his return from America. While the dinner was in progress Lord Russell suggested to Comyns Carr that he propose Sir Henry's health. "I can't make speeches, you know," he said.

Sir Henry gently replied, "I heard you make a fine speech before the Parnell commission."

To which the pungent Irishman answered, "Oh, yes, but then I had something to talk about!"

Before and After.

"That couple used to be inseparable a year ago," he observed, "and now you hardly ever see them together. Why is it? Do you know?"

"Yes," said she. "They weren't married a year ago."—New York Press.

Their Present Names.

"What are the names of that young couple next door?"

"We won't be able to find out for several weeks. They've just been married, and he calls her Birdie, and she calls him Pettie."

The Touch.

"Shadbolt, did you ever have a touch of anything like the appendicitis?"

"Once. Have you forgotten, Dingass, that when you were operated on for it you touched me for an even hundred?"—Chicago Tribune.

Be sure to put your feet in the right place, then stand firm.—Lincoln.

"Little Englands."

The English always carry with them their national customs, and wherever they settle down, even for awhile, they organize "little Englands."—Paris Opinion.

A patient mind is the best remedy for afflictions.—Plautus.

Juliet Got the Light.

At a small seaport town a star actress of the third magnitude appeared as Juliet.

"I cannot do justice to myself," she said to the manager, "if I do not have a limelight thrown on me when I appear at the balcony."

"We ain't got no limelight, miss, but I think we could get you a ship's blue light," replied the obliging manager, and to this the lady agreed.

The lad who went to the shop to buy the blue light brought back a signal rocket, which was given to him by mistake. The prompter took the rocket in good faith.

Romeo—He fests at scars who never felt a wound.

(Juliet appears. Prompter lights a match.)

"But, soft! What light through yonder windows breaks?"

(This was the match lighting the fuse.)

"Arise, fair sun!"

The sun, or, rather, the rocket, did rise with a terrific hiss. Juliet was knocked off the balcony, the fly borders were set on fire, and the theater was filled with a sulphurous smoke, while the audience, which was fortunately a small one, made a stampede to the doors.

Since then "Romeo and Juliet" has always been looked upon in that town as a dramatic work that could not be witnessed without personal danger.—London Express.

The Foiler Foiled.

Recently one young man bet another that he could not break an egg placed on the door of their room by hitting it with a barrel. The second young man promptly took the bet.

Thereupon the first young man carefully placed an egg in a corner of the room, just where the walls make a right angle, so that it was impossible for the other to hit the egg with an ordinary barrel.

Then the first young man proceeded to wait.

But the other suddenly produced a revolver and broke the egg by tapping it smartly with the barrel of the revolver. Then he demanded the money.

There was quite a dispute naturally. Finally the two agreed to submit the question to the editor of a sporting paper. In his time the answer came. The sporting authority decided that the second young man was the winner of the bet, since the other had not specified in any way what kind of barrel should be used for the destruction of the egg.—New York Times.

Origin of the Term "Gringo."

To the average Mexican all Americans are "gringoes." They are too polite to call you a gringo to your face, but among themselves it is the term generally used in referring to Americans. It is a term of disrespect, just as "greaser" when applied to a Mexican is an opprobrious term. "Gringo" had its origin during our war with Mexico in 1847. Harby Burns' song, with the chorus,

Green grow the rashes, O!
Green grow the rashes, O!
The sweetest hours that e'er I spend
Are spent among the lasses, O!

was very popular then, and our soldiers in Mexico sang it on the march and on nearly every occasion. "Green grow" sounded like "gringo" to the Mexicans unacquainted with English, and they quickly learned to speak of the American soldiers as "gringos," and thenceforth this appellation has been attached to all Americans.—Outing Magazine.

Three Kinds of Cigars.

What is a Havana cigar? George Augustus Sala, who had studied Cuban cigarmaking on the spot, once set forth that three kinds of cigars come from Havana itself—first, genuine Havanas, made of tobacco grown, cured and rolled in the island of Cuba; second, cigars composed inside of United States or European tobacco imported into Cuba, with an outside wrapper of Havana leaf; third, cigars brought ready made from Europe, mostly from Bremen and Switzerland, and re-exported from Havana to Europe, where they pay duty and are sold to the unwary as "Havanas."

The Romance of Other Years.

"One of the most beautiful smiles ever seen upon the face of mortal suffused itself on the countenance of Lord St. Orville as he fell at the feet of Julia in a deathlike swoon." You probably suppose that this sentence is an extract from some schoolgirl's novelette; but, in fact, it comes from a novel which eighty years ago was seen on the tables of most people of taste and culture. That is the style which was delectable in the brave days of old.—London Telegraph.

Not Guilty.

"I have orders to arrest all blind beggars," said the policeman, not unkindly, to the man with an "I Am Blind" placard.

"Go your way," responded the mendicant blithely. "I can see as well as you can. That placard is part of the fake."

Naturally the embarrassed policeman let him go.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Where Clothes Are No Clew.

A man's golfing garb not only affords no clew to his golfing ability, but it does not give the slightest indication of his social position or wealth or even of his taste.—Golf Illustrated.

Awkward Compliment.

There is such a thing as being too persistently complimentary. A candid and well meaning professor who had witnessed the performance of a little play in a private house in which his hostess had taken the leading part met the lady as she came from behind the curtain.

"Madam," he said, rushing up to her, "you played excellently. That part fits you to perfection."

"Oh, no, professor," said the lady modestly. "A young and pretty woman is needed for that part."

"But, madam," persisted the professor, "you have positively proved the contrary!"—Pearson's Weekly.

A Question of Color.

The enormous difficulties of color terminology are illustrated by a customer's "exact statement of her requirements" in a large Deansgate establishment one day. "Something to blue taffeta silk, please. I don't want anything as dark as navy blue nor anything as light as Cambridge blue, but something darker than Eton blue and yet a little off from an electric blue and hardly a sky blue—more like a robin's egg blue and yet not quite so light, but not an indigo blue, but something like this tint; I think they call it morning glory blue, which is something like a turquoise blue and yet not quite so light as that and yet not so dark quite as this aquamarine blue nor so light as baby blue. Now, if you have anything in the shade I have described, please show it to me." The intelligent assistant unrolled a length, a cross between the blue devils and the deep sea, with the remark: "This is the shade of blue you require, madam. It is called 'London milk!'"—Dyer and Calico Printer.

The Oriental Mind.

Frederic S. Isham, the author, told the following to illustrate the double dyed duplicity of the oriental mind. Mr. Isham was in Pekin. Passing the arch to the Baron von Kettler, supposed to be an arch of contrition for the foul assassination of that brave official, the novelist asked a Chinaman who spoke a little English:

"You know why this monument was erected, I suppose?"

"Oh, yes," was the ready reply in dialect, "to commemorate a triumphal deed, the death of a very powerful foreigner!"

"Commemorate! And is that"—in amazement—"what the people generally think was the purpose of this monument?"

"Why not?" The Celestial's face was immovable, but a suggestion of sardonic humor seemed to flash from his slant eyes. "Chinese people catch Hree monument."

And, indeed, they seemed to bask in the shade of it with much satisfaction.

Venetian Coffee Houses.

The first cup of coffee was drunk in Europe at Venice toward the end of the sixteenth century. The Venetian chronicler Morosini in his records of the events in the year 1585 mentions the beverage called "cavve" drunk by the Turks and noted for its anti-soporific qualities. In the year 1591 a Venetian doctor introduced the berries from Egypt, taught his countrymen how to crush them and brew the beverage, and the use of coffee soon became general—so much so, in fact, that Venice was full of coffee houses where the people idled away their days drinking the aromatic beverage. A peculiarity of the Venetian coffee houses was that their patrons did not pay for each cup of coffee they drank, but settled their bills for all the coffee consumed at the end of each year. The regular price of a cup of coffee was 5 soldi, about 2½ cents, and in some of the old cafes of Venice today the same price is still charged.—New York Sun.

Sorry He Spoke.

He was very deferential, but he was a deacon in the church, and he felt that he had a right to criticise. "I hope you'll pardon me," he said, "if I suggest that your sermons are—ah"—

"Too prosy, I suppose?" suggested the minister.

"Oh, no, not that, but too long."

"But you mustn't blame me for that," returned the minister pleasantly. "If you knew a little more I wouldn't have to tell you so much."

Shaving.

When asked whether Napoleon shaved himself Talleyrand replied: "Yes. One born to be a king has some one to shave him, but they who acquire kingdoms shave themselves." Dionysius, the tyrant of Syracuse, not daring to commit himself to a barber's hands, is said to have singed his own beard with glowing walnut shells.

Tastes Like More

That's what all our customers say who have eaten cakes made from Thornton & Chester's Best Flour. Don't forget, by the way, our

Good to Eat Groceries

Worth buying, because worth having. Unlike the fairest rose which withers at last, our Groceries are always fresh. Give them a trial.

Oscar Engstrom.

Dealer in

Groceries and Provisions.

Anderson & Carlson.

Since the fire we have moved into the building vacated by the Union Telephone Co., between Wells' Drug Store and Brennan's Grocery where we will be pleased to see our old customers as well as new ones.

At present our stock is small but we are getting in new goods as fast as possible and we will make every effort to please you.

We are ready to do all kinds of repair work. Give us a call.

Anderson & Carlson,

Smethport, Pa.

Repairing a Specialty.

G. H. DENNING

MEATS

FRESH and SALTED

FISH

Groceries.

Main Street. Smethport, Pa.

It Will Cost Only One Cent.

to buy a postal card and send to the New York Tribune Farmer, New York City, for a free specimen copy.

The New York Tribune Farmer is a National Illustrated Agricultural Weekly for farmers and their families and every issue contains matter instructive and entertaining to every member of the family. The price is $1 per year, but if you like it you can secure it with your own favorite local newspaper, THE MINER, Smethport, at a bargain. Both papers one year only $1.50.

Send your order and money to

THE McKEAN COUNTY MINER, Smethport.

Brasted's Fine TOBACCO FRUIT

NUTS and CONFECTIONERY.

JUST A WORD

—WE CARRY—

FURNITURE AND CARPETS

In a large assortment and can please all customers,

SPECHT & SASSE, Smethport, Pa

McKean County Miner

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY.

TERMS:—$1.25 per year, or if paid strictly in advance, $1.00 per year.

ADVERTISING RATES.

Display advertisements published at the rate of $10 per column per annum, payable monthly. Our own position and no deviation from this rule. Extra charge for single insertion.

Reading notices, five cents per line for each insertion.

Legal advertisements, five cents per line for each insertion.

Cards, not exceeding one inch, $5.00 per annum.

Birth, marriage and death notices inserted free.

Executors' and administrators' notices, $3.00 each.

Address communications to

HARRY L. BACKUS,
Editor and Prop'r.

Smethport, Pa., Thursday June 10, 1909.

ONE feature in the decrease of criminality is the feeling, as far as possible, which notoriety gives many criminals that they are popular heroes. The public is mainly responsible for this. It is always well to hold out a helping hand to the fallen, but this is very different from strewing roses in their downward path.

FOR the second time within a couple of weeks, the American bluejacket has distinguished himself. A fire broke out in a Philadelphia tenement on Friday; a man climbed the rainspout to the second story and helped five persons to safety. On his cap was the name of the battleship Kearsarge, but he refused to give his own name. His modesty gave the finishing touch to a brave deed.

AFTER two years and a half of married life, Bertha Krupp and her husband, Baron Gustav von Bohlen und Halbach have separated. The daughter of the great gun manufacturer is so engrossed in business that she pays no attention to home or society life and her husband, being of directly opposite temperament, they have separated. There is no scandal or other trouble than their difference in tastes.

JOHN MCCARTY, aged 50 years, employed as a "pig sticker" in a large slaughter house at Somerville, Mass., became suddenly insane last Saturday and with a terrible shriek started after his fellow workmen. They ran like frightened sheep, he following and stabbing every man he could reach with his large knife. Before he was taken into custody he stabbed nine men, five of whom died immediately. Two others were said to be fatally injured.

MRS. TAFT'S cow continues to graze peacefully on the White House lawn, notwithstanding the national astonishment and some sly ridicule. The President's wife has her convictions; and one of them is that if you want good milk and cream you must keep your needle, and keep it in condition by the most recent scientific teachings. Thomas Jefferson used to keep blooded cows on the White House lawn because he could not abide any milk except that which came from his own stock. Lincoln kept several cows, but until Mrs. Taft purchased a blue ribbon Jersey, a cow had not been seen near the White House in forty-five years.

STATE SENATOR JAMES P. MCNICHOL, the Republican leader of Philadelphia, is credited with bringing about the settlement of the street car strike in that city. When the situation had got beyond control of the police and riots were in progress all over the city Mr. McNichol called a meeting of the strike leaders at his home and formulated a plan for arbitration, which the traction officials agreed to. The main points of settlement were recognition of the union and the right of arbitration of future grievances. The strike was led by C. O. Pratt, chairman of the executive board of the Street Railway Men's Union.

HARRY K. THAW, fighting incarceration at Matteawan asylum for the criminal insane, and Albert T. Patrick, serving life imprisonment at Sing Sing, have both lost their appeals by adverse decisions of the Appellate Division of the Supreme Court. The Appellate Division held that Thaw accepted the alternative of confinement as insane when he pleaded insanity as a defense to the crime of slaying Stanford White. Patrick, the court held, was legally in custody, as there was no doubt of the power of the Governor to commute his sentence of death. Both defendants sued on writs of habeas corpus, and the proceedings were on appeal against decisions dismissing the writs.

FOURTH of July casualties were more numerous in Pennsylvania last year than in any other State in the Union. Twenty-one lives were lost in this State on account of the day's observance and 966 persons were injured. A majority of the deaths were due to tetanus, resulting from wounds inflicted by the so-called "blank cartridges." In all the States and territories the loss of life and the number of injuries were large. The same showing will follow the coming Independence day celebration. It has become a custom of the country to burn powder on July 4th and to take chances on killing people. Much is said against the custom, but the carnage goes on from year to year.—Bradford Era.

W. P. COSGRIN of McMinnville, Tenn., has found a spot on the top of the Cumberland mountains in Sequatchie county where the State prohibition law, effective July 1st, cannot touch him and he is now having a saloon erected there. It is 18 miles from McMinnville and there is no schoolhouse within four miles of the place. It is reported that Cosgrin has secured all the land for four miles around in order to prevent the erection of a schoolhouse. Ten or twelve barrels of whiskey and a lot of ease goods are now at McMinnville awaiting transportation to Cosgrin's saloon. Regular hack lines will be established by the enterprising saloonist to furnish liquor to neighboring towns. As the Legislature does not meet until 1911 he expects to make a fortune. Patrons of this mountain drinking place will have a high old time—at least in the matter of nitrirage.

ANNA A. ROGERS, in an article in the Atlantic Monthly tells why foreign titled fops are so successful in capturing American heiresses. She claims that the responsibility for the present humiliating slave trade in which rich American girls are sold to the titled decadents of England and the continent is almost wholly the fault of the men of this country. This opinion is offered only after years of observations and consideration of our social conditions, and after a pathological study of American men. Their open astonishment and chagrin at this phenomenon would be vastly amusing were it not so pathetic. Our men have a helpless inability to see themselves. Nor is the responsibility of the mother lost sight of, for the foreign suitor begins with her, as he does in Europe. She is the outer citadel which must first succumb to his studied charm.

This outer citadel is carried with astonishing ease, as he quickly discovers, and for three reasons: The mother is easily dazzled; her social foundations do not go down deep in the class to which she almost invariably belongs; her husband has make every dollar of the lure of those millions, without which there would not be this problem to solve. Second, the woman who sees what a given man really is who estimates him at all justly, who begin even to understand men's social standards either in this country or Europe, are rare indeed. The American mother is clearly out of her depth at the start, as until as a child to counsel her daughter. She is not equipped for it. It is not her work. In the third place, that subtle relationship of sex which European men of any age always have the art of establishing with a woman of whatever age, their attention, their quick courtesy toward women, their habit of listening absorbedly when a woman speaks—all this is so absolutely new to the American mother that she becomes hypnotized by it and can no longer distinguish truth from falsity, or a mere national point of etiquette from a personal thoughtfulness and delicate tenderness of feeling.

We're a Philosopher.

An exchange very truthfully says:—It is the business of a newspaper man to boom the city for all it is worth month after month and then use $100 worth of printing to get out of the city because 10 cents can be saved by so doing. It is the business of the newspaper to give every local enterprise enthusiastic and frequent "send-offs," and then catch sland because he failed to record the fact that some prominent citizen has had a livery wagon painted. To subscribe liberally to every public, charitable and church enterprise, advertise them for nothing, pay his own way to everything and then be called prejudiced and narrow spirited because a column is not devoted to time particular affair. Do you wonder that there are so many cranks in the newspaper business? It is bound to make either a crank or a philosopher out of a man.

Advertised Letters.

List of letters remaining in the post office at Smethport for the week ending June 5, 1909:

Frank Come Co. (2).
Mrs. R. J. Swan.
Lee C. Scheckel.
S. T. Woodward.

Persons calling for these letters please say "advertised." All unclaimed letters are sent to the Dead Letter Office two weeks from date of advertising.

J. C. GALLUP,
Postmaster.

Tragic Tale of a Tragedian.

"The awfullest and the funniest stage wait I ever lived through," said a sprightly English actress, "was when a certain well known London actor manager, whose name I dare not divulge, was doing a tremendous curse scene on a darkened stage. He had the audience spellbound with his sonorous declamation, which, of course, they didn't know depended largely upon his ample mouthful of false teeth. At the very climax of his blood-curdling maledictions the entire dental collection dropped out suddenly in the excitement of the moment and bounded into some obscure hiding place. The tragedian's mighty voice died down to an unintelligible mumble as he groped about frantically in search of the missing masticators. We were all too helpless from laughter to be of much help in this critical situation. At last, after what seemed like half an hour of the most hysterical suspense, the stage manager located the teeth with the aid of a dark lantern and restored them to the frantic star, who clapped them into his mouth and began cursing again with redoubled earnestness. I never knew what the audience thought, and no one ever dared to ask the actor manager."—New York World.

The Cause of Drafts.

Why is it that windows and doors are frequently ill fitting? There is nothing wrong with the wood itself, nor with the workmanship, as a rule, nor with the fit, at the outset at least, but the whole trouble is due to the wood being unseasoned, or, rather only partially seasoned, at the time it is made up.—Timber.

We do not know of any other pill that is as good as DeWitt's Little Early Risers; the famous little liver pills—small, gentle, pleasant and sure pills with a reputation. Sold by H. O. Wells, Smethport, F. H. Reed, Clermont.

A Caroline Islands Legend.

The Caroline islands group includes besides coral islands, five mountainous islands of basaltic formation, beautiful and fertile with rivers and springs. Among the many queer legends of these children of the Pacific there is none more highly improbable than their theory as to the origin of these islands and their inhabitants. They think they themselves were very strong in the water—in fact, they lived in it. The story goes that a woman and her children were floating around on the reef when a man appeared from the west with a basket of soil on his shoulders. He had started out to make an island with a mountain on it. One of the children cried out to him, "Give us a little soil to make a place for our mother to rest, for she is very weak and cannot swim." He took out a handful of the earth and threw it down, making an island. As the man was going on his way over the water he dog style made a hole in the basket, so as he proceeded on his way he left a trail of land behind. Suddenly he became conscious that the basket seemed light, and, looking around, he saw the land. In his anger he turned about and trod upon it, and thus the islands were formed.

An Apt Answer.

The dangers associated with the fishing industry on the Newfoundland banks are many and grave. Foremost among them is that the dories may be upset while fishing, which involves almost inevitable loss of their occupants. Callous captains secure themselves from the necessity of going, frequently order their men out when the weather does not warrant it, and disastrous are the results. One of those brutal skippers was aptly answered once by a plucky man of whose courage or capacity there was no question.

"Out with your," shouted the captain. "Hurry up there! It's a fishing day."

"Oh, no, skipper!" replied the dory man. "It's too stormy today for a boat to fish."

"Nonsense, man!" rejoined the skipper. "If my old grandmother was here today she'd get her dory out."

"Then, skipper," said the man, "if her grandson will come out with me now I'll haul my trawl."

It is needless to say no dories were launched from that schooner on that date.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Barrie and Kipling.

Mr. Barrie was one day at Waterloo station in a hurry to catch a train. He was hastening from the bookstall laden with papers, "a good many sixpenny ones among them," he delightfully relates, when in making around a corner, he fell into the arms of Rudyard Kipling, equally in a tearing hurry. They turned on each other with scowling faces, then smiled in recognition and asked each other whither he went. Then Kipling, exclaiming, "Lucky beggar, you've got papers!" seized the bundle from Barrie, flung him some paltry mad made off. "But you did not stoop to pick up his dirty halfpence, did you?" queried one of Mr. Barrie's heavers anxiously. "Didn't I, though?" returned Barrie, and added gleefully, "But he hadn't flung me half enough."—St. James' Gazette.

Rose Colds From Paper Roses.

"A patient of mine is subject to rose colds," a doctor said. "She caught a bad rose cold last week from a bouquet of artificial roses. That often happens. It is supposed to show the nervous, psychological aspect of disease, but as a matter of fact it is just as natural to take a rose cold from paper roses as from the real kind. Why? Because the paper roses that bring on rose colds are always perfumed. It is the fad, you know, to perfume artificial flowers. The scent used is the essential oil of roses, and it is this oil in the natural flowers that causes rose colds."—New York Press.

A Keen Observer.

Ethel, aged three, had been to visit her cousins, two fun loving and romping boys. She had climbed upon her father's knee and was telling him of her visit. "Papa, every night John and George say their prayers they ask God to make them good boys," said she.

"That is nice," said papa.

Then, thinking soberly for a few minutes, she said, "He ain't done it yet."—Delineator.

Nocturnal Tragedy.

It is a dark night. It is also a dark kitchen. The kind hearted man in his stocking feet is after a drink of water for his fretful youngster. He thinks he can find his way in the inky darkness. He is mistaken. He turns to the left instead of to the right and falls down cellar.

Another good man gone wrong.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

A Nice Wedding Present.

A reproduction of a picture called "The Coming Storm" was advertised for sale in a Berlin shop window, and under the title there were the words in large type, "Suitable for a wedding present."

Thinking Oneself Old.

If at thirty you expect to be an old man or woman at fifty-five you will be one, because the mind makes the material correspondence of whatever it sets itself permanently upon.—Health Record.

Columbus' Oversight.

That was a wise schoolboy who when the master asked, "Why was it that his great discovery was not properly appreciated?" promptly replied, "It was because he didn't advertise, sir."

Farm For Sale 7,000 Acres

Finest Farming Land in United States. Sold on Easy Terms. Near Memphis Tennessee Road. Pamphlet, profusely illustrated, mailed free on application to R. R. Ives, E. A. STROUT CO., Book C 1 World's Largest Farm Dealers. Land Title Bldg., Phila.

Your Choice of 10 Dairy Farms For Sale Right.

236 ACRES, 4 miles from Bolivar, N. Y., good buildings, orchard, some timber, 17 cows, 40 sheep, 25 hens, tools and machinery, $300 a year cash gas rental and free gas, everything for $7,000. One thousand cash, balance easy. Possession March 1.

100 ACRES, 2 1-2 miles from Iselhun, N. Y., fair buildings, big sugar bush, good water, 2 horses, 11 cows, tools and machinery, all for $4 000. Terms $1,500 cash, balance easy. Possession at once.

137 ACRES, 2 1-2 miles from Wellsville, N. Y., good buildings, good water, orchard, cuts 100 tons hay, close to market. Price $5,000. Terms $1,800 cash, balance yearly payments. Possession at once.

130 ACRES, 2 1-2 miles from Black Creek, N. Y., hill farm, lays nice, fair buildings, silo, will carry 20 cows. Price $3,800. Terms $500 cash, balance $100 a year. Possession Nov. 1.

80 ACRES on trolley line, one-fourth mile from Ceres, N. Y. Lays nice, good orchard, some timber, fine water, good house and fair barn. Price $2,500. Terms $1,000 cash, balance easy. Possession Nov. 1.

182 ACRES, in Baker Valley, 6 miles from Belmont, N. Y., fair buildings, 15 acres timber, 50 rods from school, 1-2 mile from factory, well watered. Price $2,500. Terms $500 cash, balance easy. Possession Nov. 1.

225 ACRES, 3 miles from Whitesville, N. Y., on Wellsville road. Fine sugar bush, big orchard, good buildings. Oil and gas right included, good gas wells 200 feet from Bins. Price $25 an acre. Reasonable terms. Possession Nov. 1.

108 ACRES, 2 miles from Little Genesee, N. Y., fair buildings, oil royalty of $100 a year. Free gas for house, 8 cows and farm tools and machinery, all for $1,000. Terms $750 cash, balance easy. Possession Nov. 1.

170 ACRES, 3 miles from Richburg, N. Y., 30 acres timber, oil royalty of $100 a year, fair buildings, big orchard, free gas for house. 10 cows and 5 head young stock, all for $3,500. Terms $1,500 cash, balance easy. Possession Nov. 1.

114 ACRES, 4 miles from Friendship, N. Y., well watered, fair buildings, good orchard. One-half mile to condensory, 1-4 mile to school, 3 horses, 10 cows, some young stock, 200 hens, farm tools and machinery, all for $4,500. Terms $1,500 cash, balance easy. Possession at once.

These are only a few of the many bargains we have in farms of all sizes. Send a stamp for our June real estate list and learn about all of them.

Herrick Agency,
BOLIVAR, N. Y.

RAILROAD WATCHES

We make a specialty of railroad watches. He uses a special movement containing 21 jewels, one that runs with wonderful accuracy and is built to stand the wear and tear, smash and slam of the railroad business.

KERR
Main St. Smethport

Hamlin Bank & Trust Co.
SMETHPORT, PENNA.

Condensed Statement of Condition of Hamlin Bank & Trust Co., SMETHPORT, PA., at close of Business Feb. 1, 1909

RESOURCES.

Banking House	$ 19,094.71
Bonds	187,418.90
Loans	570,589.87
Cash	22,631.21
Due from Banks	88,514.47
	$888,844.16

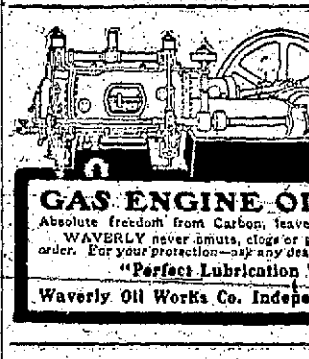
LIABILITIES.

Capital Stock	$200,000.00
Surplus	100,000.00
Undivided Profits	81,701.38
Deposits	557,142.78
	$888,844.16

This Bank Solicits accounts of firms and individuals. Pays interest on time deposits. Offers all the inducements practical with conservative banking.

DeWitt's Kidney and Bladder Pills FOR BACKACHE

LADIES' OXFORDS
—IN—
Russia Calf
Tan Vici
and
Pat. Colt
—Is the Bill at—
RUBIN'S SHOE STORE
FOR THIS WEEK



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WAVERLY

GAS ENGINE OIL a superior oil for Gas Engine lubrication. Made from Pennsylvania Crude. Oil. Absolute freedom from Carbon, leaves no deposit. Light in color—flows easily. WAVERLY never smuts, clogs or gums, but keeps your motor in perfect running order. For your protection—ask any dealer.

"Perfect Lubrication Without Carbon Deposit."

Waverly Oil Works Co. Independent Oil Refiners, Pittsburg, Pa.

WHOLESALE LIQUOR STORE.

Having purchased the wholesale liquor business of J. A. Holder I am now prepared to supply the wants of all in the best brands of

WHISKIES WINES BEERS and SOFT DRINKS

PURE GOODS FOR FAMILY USE A SPECIALTY.

Main St **F. H. Hungiville,** SMETHPORT

Notice in Divorce.

A. D. No. 11, December Term, 1908.

MCKEAN COUNTY, ss.—THE COMMONWEALTH of Pennsylvania to the sheriff of said county, greeting:

Whereas, Maud Riggins did, on the 4th day of Oct. inst., prefer her petition to our said Judges of the said Court of Common Pleas of said county, praying for the cause therein set forth she might be divorced from the bonds of matrimony entered into with you, Joseph Riggins.

We therefore command you, the said Joseph Riggins, that setting aside all other business and excuses whatsoever, you be and appear in your proper person before our Judges at Smethport, at a Court of Common Pleas there to be held for the county of McKean, on the first Monday of June, 1909, to answer the petition of the said Maud Riggins and show cause, if any you have, why the said Maud Riggins, your wife, should not be divorced from the bonds of matrimony, agreeably to the Acts of Assembly in such cases made and provided. Herein fail not.

A true copy.

WM. H. MOULTHROP, Sheriff.

Smethport, Pa., May 12, 1909.

A. P. Gibbens, Plaintiff's Attorney.

Mrs. May Chadwick, Artist,

Has opened a studio in the Backus Block, opposite Court House, and is prepared to do all kinds of Portrait enlarging. Millinery and 5- and 10-cent counter.

Give me a call.

Mrs. May Chadwick,
Smethport, Pa.

Cement Walks

I am prepared to build cement or concrete walks in Smethport for

12c per Square Foot

Pure crushed rock sand and the best of cement used in construction. All material and work guaranteed to be first-class.

A. E. HACKETT, Smethport

A SUPERIOR QUALITY
of ICE CREAM and SODA WATER at the
A. B. ARMSTRONG DRUG STORE.
Headquarters for Fresh, Pure Drugs and Medicines, Cigars, Stationery, Rubber Goods, &c.

LUMBER
OF ALL KINDS
Lath and Shingles
General Planing Mill Work
H. C. BEMIS,
Bradford, Penna.

EDGAR W. STRONG

When you think of

STOVES

think of

STRONG'S

I have the most complete line of Heating Stoves ever seen at one time in the town. All sizes and prices—a dozen kinds to select from. Prices are warranted to be right. Come early and get your pick.

EDGAR W. STRONG,
Smethport, Pa.

Chas. M. Provin

has rented the shop in the rear of Armstrong's drug store and is prepared to do all kinds of

HORSESHOEING, BLACKSMITHING and WOODWORK

A share of your patronage is solicited.

Chas. M. Provin

McCALL PATTERNS 10¢ AND 15¢ MORE HIGHER

McCALL'S MAGAZINE 50¢ A YEAR INCLUDING A FREE PATTERN

McCALL PATTERNS
Celebrated for style, perfect fit, simplicity and reliability nearly 40 years. Sold in nearly every city and town in the United States and Canada, or by mail direct. More sold than any other make. Send for free catalogue.

McCALL'S MAGAZINE
More subscribers than any other fashion magazine—million a month. Invaluable. Latest styles, patterns, dressmaking, millinery, plain sewing, fancy needlework, embroidery, etiquette, good stories, etc. Only 50¢ a year (worth double), including a free pattern. Subscribe today, or send for sample copy.

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Notice.

Notice is hereby given by Edgar W. Tait, an applicant for admission to the Bar of the Supreme Court of the State of Pennsylvania, that he will, on or before the 15th day of June, 1909, file his credentials with and make application to the State Board of Law Examiners to be examined by said Board on the 6th and 7th days of July, 1909, for admission to the Bar of the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania.

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SMETHPORT, PENNA.

DALY & GARLICK

Garden and Agricultural

Implements

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DALY & GARLICK

McKean County Miner

Entered at the postoffice at Smethport as second-class mail matter.

Smethport, Thursday, June 10, 1909.

LOCAL AND GENERAL.

—It rains easy.

—Coudersport will celebrate the Fourth of July this year.

—Barnum and Bailey's great circus will be at Olean to-morrow, Friday.

—Many new sidewalks are being built at present—a much needed improvement.

—The eclipse of the moon was plainly seen by many people of this place last Thursday evening.

—Born to Mr. and Mrs. Carl J. Bloomster of Newerf, Wednesday, June 9, 1909, an eleven pound girl.

—Mrs. F. P. Isherwood entertained the Uplifting Club of Bradford at her home on Main street yesterday.

—On Tuesday June 8, 1909, Justice Gleason united Oscar Gustapson and Mattie Bonner, both of Ridgway, in marriage.

—James L. Causer of Liberty township and Rose Murphy of Roulette were united in marringe by Justice Gleason in this borough last Saturday.

—The Lemon Club dance which was to have been held in the Lyceum to-night, has been postponed on account of the death of Mrs. MacQuiston.

—Monday night Officer McCarthy landed a plain drunk in the bastile and Tuesday morning he was released on his promise to do better, owing to the fact that he was broke.

—The I. O. O. F. band played several marches on Main street Monday evening. This band is making rapid progress and Smethport can well feel proud of this musical organization.

—Last Thursday being the twenty-fourth wedding anniversary of Mr. and Mrs. George Gerritt several of their friends were invited in and a very pleasant evening was spent by all present.

—Floyd Nichols, who was operated on at the Kane hospital last week for appendicitis, is so much improved that he is expected home to-day. This will be pleasing news to "Slip's" many friends in town.

—S. Major Seibert is now city editor of the Potter Democrat. Fred S. Thomas is secretary-treasurer and general manager. This team ought to handle the Democrat in the same successful manner it has been conducted in the past. John J. Mundy has gone to Ashtabula, Ohio., where he is interested in a new daily. The Miner wishes them all success.

—Last Friday afternoon Judge Joseph W. Bouton caught a speckled trout out of Potato creek which measured 12½ inches and weighed about one pound. This is the largest of the season to our knowledge.

—Members of the Smethport Hose Company are urgently requested to be at the hose house to-night at 7:15 to practice drilling. Director Chadwick of the Odd Fellows band has consented to have the band present during the drill.

—Miss Sylvia Lawrence gave Miss Donna Lyman a surprise variety shower at the home of the latter on Water street Wednesday evening. A delightful evening was passed by all present and many useful and valuable presents left for the soon-to-be bride.

—The Falls Creek Herald says that town has a girls' base ball club, the members of which are already getting in shape. As shape is practically everything in a girls' ball team we hope they will be able to shape up to the proper standard early in the season.

—Tuesday afternoon two of the Bradford gentry, named Hamilton and Belew, who were at court as witnesses were gathered in by Officer McCarthy. At their hearing before Burgess Cleveland they were fined, in default of which they were given 48 hours of rest and quiet.

—Coudersport is going to have a Shrine meeting the last week in June. At that time Jaffa Temple Ancient Arabic Order of Nobles of the Mystic Shrine will go there for the purpose of initiating a large class. All Shriners from this section should make it a point to attend.

—Mr. Walter Haines of Smethport and Miss Mable H. Arnett of East Smethport were united in marriage on Monday, June 7, 1909, by Justice Gleason, at his office in this borough. Both are popular young people, having many friends who wish them a long life of wedded bliss.

—Mrs. B. F. Wright was painfully burned by a gas explosion in her kitchen stove last Friday afternoon. She was preparing supper and as she opened the oven an explosion occurred which burned her face, hair and hands quite badly. The only way the accident can be accounted for is that a burner had been left open under the oven, filling it with gas, and as she opened the door, it came out and ignited from a lighted burner on top of the stove. Her injuries, although not considered serious, are extremely painful.

—Mr. and Mrs. Harry Backus and Mrs. S. E. Bell of Smethport, arrived in Bradford this morning in the Backus car, says Monday's Star-Record and Tuesday's Era. Sorry to correct you neighbors, but as yet country editors are perfectly satisfied with an occasional chance to ride in the car of a friend as the case in this instance, instead being able to take our friends out as we would like to do.

—At the meeting of the Smethport Hose Company held last Friday evening quite a lot of important business was transacted. Among other things it was decided that this company should attend the State Firemen's Convention which is to be held in Oil City in October. A committee was appointed to have the matter in charge. This would be a fine outing for the company and we hope they go.

—At the commencement concert given Monday night at the Lyceum, several in the audience arose and stood during the singing of the chorus of the "Star Spangled Banner." It has long been a custom of our English cousins to stand during the singing or playing of their national air and we think it a very pretty one. It is a mark of respect to one's country and we are glad to see that it is being taken up here.

Personal Mention.

James Chrisholm of Austin is in town on business.

G. I. Case was a pleasant caller at this office Friday.

J. J. Healy of Kane had business in town this week.

John Mullin of Kane is here attending court this week.

Mrs. O. H. Barker of Corry is visiting relatives in this place.

H. S. Rogers of Mt. Jewett was in town the first of the week.

Miss Sophia Hafner is visiting friends and relatives in Mt. Jewett.

Miss Anna C. Hector of Buffalo is visiting her parents in town.

Miss Ivah Bacon of DuBois is the guest of friends in this place.

Miss Mate Connolly passed Sunday with relatives in Coudersport.

F. G. Davis of Bradford was a pleasant caller at this office Tuesday.

J. J. Roberts of Ceres was a pleasant caller at this office this morning.

Francis Quinn of Mt. Alton was a business visitor in town this week.

Fred Brown of Jersey Shore visited relatives in town the fore part of the week.

Mrs. George Howe and daughter, Ruth, are visiting friends at Olean this week.

Hon. James A. McKean, F. D. Gallup and H. W. Rubin are Bradford visitors to-day.

Elmer Raymer was home from Galeton to spend Sunday with relatives and friends.

Dr. F. C. Pierce returned Monday from a short visit with relatives in Warren.

William Towers of the Bradford Sunday Herald office was a pleasant caller Monday.

J. W. Tubbs of Richburg, N.Y., made the Miner office a pleasant call this morning.

Roy Grigsby of Eldred has been renewing old acquaintances in town while attending court.

Mr. and Mrs. Ed McKean of Marvin Creek were in town yesterday, visiting friends and relatives.

Mrs. Leo Herzog and Miss Anna Barry left the first of this week for a visit in Philadelphia.

Miss Jeanie Ryan of Kane is visiting at the home of her sister, Mrs. R. C. Gleason, on Mill street.

Mrs. Jennie Barnes has returned from Tacoma, Wash., and has taken up her residence in Hazelhurst.

Garth Rumsey of Mt. Jewett has been greeting old friends in town while in attendance at court this week.

Scott McClure returned Friday from Buffalo where he had been the guest of his sister for the past three weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Burdick and Miss Mary Bauernschmidt are visiting relatives and friends in Baltimore, Md.

Mrs. Arthur Mitchell and son, John, of Erie are the guests of Mrs. Mitchell's parents, Mr. and Mrs. John Forrest.

Mrs. Emil Jahn returned from Bradford last evening after a three weeks' visit with her sister, Mrs. H. Bowen.

Wm. L. Terrell, an employee of the Barnsdall Printing Co., Bradford, was a pleasant caller at this office Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward Jifkins and Mr. and Mrs. William Elliott of Bradford are visiting friends and relatives in town.

Mr. and Mrs. Ralph E. Burdick and Mr. and Mrs. William A. Andorfer left Tuesday in Mr. Burdick's car for a visit to Warren.

Mrs. Samuel E. Bell and Mr. and Mrs. Harry L. Backus were Bradford visitors on Monday, making the trip in the former's automobile.

Miss Rebecca Beckwith of Farmers Valley departed Saturday for an extended visit in Lock Haven, Philadelphia and Atlantic City.

Dr. W. A. Ostrander left Monday for Harrisburg where he is attending the State convention of I. O. R. M. as a delegate from the local tribe.

Mr. and Mrs. F. R. Campbell and Master James Willard of Kane are the guests of Mrs. Campbell's parents, Superintendent and Mrs. J. C. Brennaman at the County Home.

Ken Mayo returned home last evening from Carlisle, Pa. He has just finished his course at Dickinson Law School and is now a full fledged lawyer, having been admitted to the bar of Cumberland county.

Dr. and Mrs. Burg Chadwick left last Saturday morning for Louisville, Ky. They went to Buffalo and from there went up the lakes to Chicago and from there to Louisville by rail. They expect to be gone about 10 days.

Poisoned by Horse—Must Die.

Some time ago Edward Hollenbeck of Hebron, while watering his horses accidently struck his hand against the teeth of one of the animals, making a slight abrasion in the skin on the back of his hand. Home remedies were used nothing serious being thought of the injury at the time. At the end of three weeks, the hand and arm were in a terrible condition, blood poisoning having set in. The services of Dr. F. C. Gorham were secured, and since then everything known to medical skill has been done to save the unfortunate man, but the poison has been carried so thoroughly through the system that there is no help for him, and it is now only a question of hours. During the past two weeks he has suffered untold agony, and is now in a semi-conscious state. Mr. Hollenbeck is sixty-nine years old and one of Potter county's prosperous farmers having spent nearly his entire life in Hebron township.—Potter Democrat.

New Game Laws.

Secretary Joseph Kalbfus, of the state game commission, sends out the following as a synopsis of the new game laws. The pamphlet copy of the laws will be ready by August:

Woodcock, Oct. 1st to Dec. 1st.
Pheasants: Oct. 15th to Dec. 1st.
Rabbits, Nov. 1st to Dec. 15th.
Squirrel, Oct. 15th to December 1st.
Deer, Nov. 15th to Dec. 1st.
Bear, Oct. 1st to Jan. 1st.
Dove, blackbird, sandpipers, tattler, curlew, rail, coot, mudhen and other shore birds, from Sept. 1st to Jan. 1st.
Wilson or Jack snipe, Sept. 1st to May 1st.
Wild water fowl, Sept. 1st to April 10th.

A JUNE EVENT.

Olean's Big Department Store the Aggressive Point.

Ball Bro's have just issued a one page sheet announcing their great June sale of carpets, furnitures, rugs, curtains, draperies, wall paper, linoleums, straw mattings, etc.

Forty-seven clerks are waiting in their departments will be sold at cut prices.

Look to your carpet needs as everything points to a big price advance in rugs.

This sale comes at the opportune time for the majority of housekeepers and to buyers will prove a money saving event. Ball Bro's June sale of furniture includes all kinds of porch chairs and rockers, brass, iron and wooden beds, dining-room furniture, parlor and library pieces, dressers and chiffoniers, mattresses and pillows in a large variety of, modern up-to-date designs.

Ball Bros. big department store are now distributing large bills, if you have failed to receive a copy send request by postal card to the firm and you will receive one by return mail.

Campbell's Stain and Floor Finish is the most durable finish for floors and surfaces that are walked upon. Made transparent and in colors imitating natural woods. J. C. Hamlin, upon request will show a sample of old flooring coated with this finish. It wears longer than regular floor varnish.

There are many imitations of DeWitt's Carbolized Witch Hazel Salve—De Witt's is the original. Be sure you get DeWitt's Carbolized Witch Hazel Salve when you ask for it. It is good for cuts burns and bruises, and especially good for Piles. Sold by H. C. Wells, Smethport, and F. H. Reed, Clermont.

For Sale Cheap.

Two wood stores in good condition. One dress form as good as new. Dining table, gas range and sewing machine. Will be sold very cheap for cash. Call on Mrs. Frank W. Backus, East Main street.

Do you want a new backboard, a farm wagon, a one horse wagon, a second hand buggy? Come and see us.
HOLMES & GILFILLAN.

Buy a Lawn Swing of Holmes & Gilfillan. Best in the market.

Give the MINER Job Printing Department a trial.

WM. MONHEIMER.

"BILLY POSSUM"

is the name of the newest hat in the land. We've got 'em, the

"BILLY POSSUM HATS"

in green, brown, grey, blue and black—'tis a soft hat, the "Billy Possum" is and a "Beauty" too. Can be worn in 3 different shapes; sizes 6¾ to 7⅜.

$2.50

is the price, and worth it too.

MONHEIMER'S

Home Journal Patterns — Monarch Shirts

FRY & COMES

A New Lot of Shirts

"MONARCH" and "CLUETT" MAKE

You men who have been paying $2.50 to $3.00 for made-to-order Shirts drop around and see this lot now on sale.

It's a waste of money to pay such prices for shirts when the "Monarch" and "Cluett" custom made can be had at less than half what the made to order man will charge you. Just as good a shirt, too, in every particular—fit, style and workmanship.

There's a shirt here to fit you if your stout or average, long or short armed, fit you better, too, than nine out of ten of the made to order sort.

The materials are of the most dependable kinds and according to fashion's most favored notions—the workmanship the best that human hands can do.

Cont style, attached or separate cuffs, $1.00 and $1.50.
Coat style or Regular Cut, separate cuffs, $1.00.
Regular Cut, soft collars and cuffs attached, $1.00 and $1.50.
Stouts, for the fat man, $1.25 and $1.50.

FRY & COMES

Smethport, - - Penna.

WHY

are there a multitude of materials called "Rubber Roofing" offered to the Public? The explanation is simple—TO ATTEMPT TO SELL THEM ON THE RECORD AND REPUTATION OF

RUBEROID ROOFING

by selecting a name to catch the unwary purchaser.

RUBEROID is the pioneer and acknowledged standard ready-to-lay Roofing, known to the whole United States and the entire civilized World for 15 years.

It contains no rubber or any other ingredient which will deteriorate with exposure to the elements.

Insist upon having only the genuine. Do not be deceived by unscrupulous manufacturers who try to imitate RUBEROID in name and appearance. See that the registered trade mark "RUBEROID" is stamp on the under side of the material every four feet.

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LUMBER AND BUILDING SUPPLIES OF EVERY DESCRIPTION

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Searchlight, Acme, White Lilly,

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EASTER NOVELTIES

One of the finest lines ever shown in Smethport.

PRESCRIPTION DEPARTMENT

is fully stocked with pure drugs, which comply with the pure food laws, and I make a specialty of prescriptions and family reciepes. Bring them here and get the best.

H. C. WELLS.

SMETHPORT, - PENNA.

LOOK FOR THE GREEN GOODS

FRESH EVERY DAY

AT

ANDORFER & LYLE'S

...BUY...

Lowney's Confectionery

—AT—

McCoy's Drug Store

The Fugitive Witness.

By WILLIAM H. HAMBY.

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It was an entirely new situation to Charley Mason. He had read of such things in stories, but he never had believed that real people encountered anything like it in real life—much less that he would.

It was new enough to him in two respects without being uncommon in real life. In the first place, he never had been within twenty hours of his own wedding before; in the second place, no other man ever had been engaged to a girl half so sweet and charming and altogether lovely as Mary Torrey, and, then, in the third place, came the uncommon and almost unbelievable situation—what other innocent man in real life had ever been violently possessed by a sheriff at such a critical time?

But it had all happened simply enough. Wahoo county had an important case against the C. Q. and I. railroad. Mason was agent for the road at Belltown and was wanted as an important witness.

He had been subpoenaed for the next day, Thursday, but to avoid unnecessary risk he had planned to take the 5 o'clock train for Layton, where his bride to be lived. The relief agent had just been checked in, the boys had shaken hands with him, the dispatcher clicked him "Good luck, Charley," and he had turned away to go to his room to dress when the sheriff stepped up and took him by the arm.

"Why—why—really," he began, when he saw it was not a joke, "I just can't go. You'll have to excuse me. You see"—he blushed—"I am to be married at 8 o'clock in the morning."

The sheriff grinned knowingly. He had heard all sorts of excuses before.

"It won't go," he said. "Nothing will go except your body."

As the captured witness was led away to the officer's buggy a picture stood vividly before his mind of the

"YOU COULD BREAK INTO ANY PESTHOUSE IN THE COUNTRY."

happy wedding party growing a little restless, then nervous and then uneasy as the clock hands tripped along toward 8. He saw the face of his lovely, happy bride as she waited, and then saw the mortification, the agony, the scorn in her face when the hour came and no bridegroom.

"And she is just the sort of girl," he reflected bitterly, "who would never forgive a fellow for being absent on his wedding day. Good intentions don't count with her; she believes in men who do not believe in impossibilities."

"Say, Mr. Sheriff," said Mason affably as they reached the buggy, "I acknowledge service all right, and you just leave me here to fix up things, and I'll be over in the morning in time for court."

"Not much." The sheriff grinned again. "The judge is wrathy. You dodged one subpoena, you know, and he said for me to hold on to you this time—and if you make an effort to dodge this time he'll throw you into jail for contempt of court. See?"

"Oh, yes, I see," answered the young man. The case did not seem hopeless yet, but mighty annoying. Doubtless the judge would let him off when he heard the circumstances, but it would make it a case of mad hurry to get back to Belltown in time for the 4 o'clock train next morning. It was seventeen miles overland to the county seat.

For several miles Mason argued and begged, but the sheriff only grinned. Very well, he would wait until he saw the judge. But when they reached the county seat the judge was in a bad humor and refused to listen to the agent's excuse. Instead he turned to the sheriff with a peremptory "Officer, I hold you strictly responsible for the appearance of this witness in the morning; commit him to jail if necessary."

"He'll be in court in the morning, your honor," said the sheriff, with his exasperating grin.

The officer took him to the hotel and engaged a room on the top floor—a room with but one window and one door. "I will leave you here a little while by yourself," said the sheriff after inspecting the window. "I don't think you want to get married badly enough to break your neck jumping out of that." It was a brick wall dropping sheer that 50 feet to the ground. He went out and locked the door behind him.

In a few minutes a deputy sheriff came. "I am to stay with you tonight and keep off the nightmares," he said good naturedly.

Things began to look serious—very serious indeed. It was nearly 7 o'clock, the trains through the county seat made no connection with those through Belltown and Layton, and it was forty miles overland to the latter. Twelve hours more and the wedding guests would begin to arrive.

They were to be married at 8 and take a fast train for Colorado for the honeymoon. He had the passes in his pocket.

They went down to supper. The deputy stayed close at his side, evidently intending that he should have no temptation to run. Despair thick and black was rapidly settling down upon the desperate bridegroom when a traveling theatrical company came into the dining room. It was the same troupe that had been at Belltown the previous week. Mason caught the eye of the leading man, with whom he had become acquainted, and they nodded cordially.

"An old friend of mine I used to know in the south," said Mason to the deputy. "If you do not object I would like to speak to him after supper."

"Sure," said the officer obligingly.

When they arose from the table Mason went across and gripped the actor's hand. They had a long, confidential chat which soon became so merry that the deputy sheriff wished that he could hear some of it. After the act or had gone to get ready for the performance Mason said to his guard:

"He would like to come up to my room and have a little visit after the play," said Mason to the deputy. "I suppose you don't object?"

"Certainly not."

The actor came in at 11:30, and the obliging deputy locked them in, asked the landlord to keep an eye on them and then went across the street to a barroom whence he could easily watch the outside window.

If he had looked through the keyhole instead of looking upward at a non-committal lighted window thirty feet from the ground he would have saved himself much subsequent trouble.

The actor was laughing and doing something very queer for a man who had merely dropped in for a social visit. He was daubing and smearing Mason up generally with grease paints.

"You could sneak into any pesthouse in the country—if it wasn't too light and they didn't feel your pulse."

Mason rang for a porter and had the landlord called.

"Mr. Curry," called he through the door, "they locked me up because they thought I did not want to testify against the railroad, but I don't give a hang for the railroad. The reason I tried to get away is that I was exposed to the smallpox two weeks ago—some dagoes working on our road—and I was trying to get away to see a specialist when the sheriff nabbed me. Since supper I feel like I am breaking out. I wish you would see."

"The dickens!" exclaimed the landlord, seeing a year's business killed by a quarantine. "Keep still till I get a key. I've had the smallpox myself and we'll see."

"Well, I should guess," said the landlord when he unlocked the door a few minutes later. The lamp was turned low, and the actor was under the bed. "You stay where you are till I get a team for you, then you scoot!"

He scooted. At a quarter before 8 next morning he drove into Layton.

When court convened at 9 o'clock the judge received a telegram:

Married, and on my way west for my health. Wire forgiveness and blessings to Denver. MASON.

Art Versus Veal.

A member of the Art Students' league tells this one on himself. In the course of a sketching jaunt in the rural districts last summer he had wandered rather far afield and, finding himself in a picturesque section, arranged to stay a few days at the home of an old couple of uncouth but kindly nature. He was engaged one day along the roadside, where a calf was interested, in making a water color study of the pretty creature, when an automobile containing a party of Pittsburgers drew up, and the occupants paused to ask for some information. One of the motorists took a fancy to the sketch and made arrangements to purchase it when completed for $25.

This bit of news aroused in the rural hosts of the artist the most profound astonishment, as he learned after retiring that night on overhearing from the kitchen below the following conversation:

"Land sakes, Hiram, d'you believe them people really give him $25 fer that little bit of paintin'?"

"Waal, some o' them Pittsburgers has more money than brains, an' they're like t' do most anything."

"But, my land, Hiram, $25 fer a little bit o' paper with a calf drawed on to it! Why, if they'd only a-knowed it they c'd a had th' critter itself fer half the money."—Pittsburg Gazette-Times.

Impossible.

In a certain town are two brothers who are engaged in the retail coal business. A noted evangelist visited the town, and the elder brother was converted. For weeks after his conversion he endeavored to persuade his brother to join the church. One day he said to him, "Why can't you, too, join the church, Richard?"

"It's all right for you to be a member of the church," replied Richard, "but if I join who's going to weigh the coal?"—Lippincott's.

HUMOR OF THE HOUR

Near It.

"That is Saturn you see now," explains the astronomer, while the visitor to the observatory peers through the telescope at the mysterious orb, with its rings, and with its moons showing as little points of light.

"It's away off, isn't it?" asks the visitor.

"Oh, yes. Saturn is so far out that it requires thirty of our years to make the circuit around the sun."

"Thirty years!"

"Yes."

"My! Saturn must be pretty close to heaven."

"I couldn't say as to that."

"I should call it almost heavenly not to have to buy spring dresses and hats for my wife and daughters more than once in thirty years."

For fear that the visitor would have something to say about the summer engagements on Saturn being responsible for the rings, the astronomer quickly pointed the telescope toward Jupiter.—Wilbur D. Nesbit in Chicago Post.

A Plea For the Verities.

"Do you resent the caricatures they publish of corporation kings?"

"No," answered Mr. Dustin Stax; "only I wish they would be a little more consistent and not make us look like jolly fat men when most of us are fighting dyspepsia."—Washington Star.

Armor Plated.

"Jamie," he said, "when I think of asking your father for your hand I wish I was one of the knights of old."

"That's very sweet of you, George. But why do you want to be a knight?"

"Well, they wore iron clothes, you know."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Not His Line.

"Are you the man who produced the spineless cactus?"

"I am."

"Umph-umph! Good thing, I suppose. But why don't you try something in the way of a boneless shad?"—Philadelphia Ledger.

Mad Clear Through.

Lowe Comedy—Starrman, the tragedian, is hopelessly mad.

Ill Tragedy—Overstudy?

Lowe Comedy—No; his understudy. He made a bigger hit in the part than Starrman.—Catholic Standard and Times.

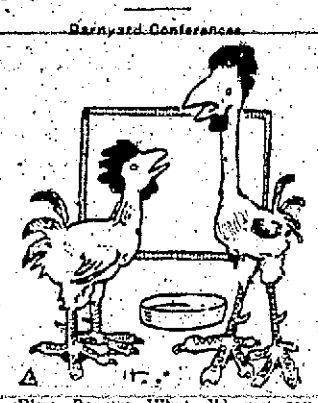
No Wonder.

Ross—Yes, their marriage was a failure.

Nell—I wonder why?

Ross—He handled all the assets and she all the liabilities, I hear.—Houston Post.

Barnyard Conferences.



First Rooster—What did you say when she threatened her mother?

Second Rooster—I just gave her the laugh. You know she was raised in an incubator.—Philadelphia Press.

The Summer Circus.

Mabel—How long do you expect to be at the seashore this summer?

Stella—Oh, long enough to play a three ring engagement.—St. Louis Republic.

Their Principal Use.

She—Do they use the baseball fans to cool off with, dearie?

He—Not much they do. They use 'em to keep the hot air going.—Baltimore American.

A Sudden Change.

"They tell me that new author is out of harness?"

"Yes; it's on the mule and he's behind the mule."—Atlanta Constitution.

Sometimes?

"Bacon says it is impossible to love and be wise."

"Maybe. But one can love and get wise."—Kansas City Times.

Her Method.

Stella—Does she accompany on the piano?

Bella—No; she just sits in the audience and hums.—Puck.

His Temperament.

Stella—Did she marry a good provider?

Bella—Better; a good consumer.—New York Sun.

Prudence.

"Do you keep a second girl?"

"No. My wife isn't strong enough to wait on more than one."—Kansas City Journal.

None Higher.

Teacher—What is the highest form of animal life?

Schoolboy—The giraffe.—Universalist Leader.

Must Fib Sometimes.

"Does he always speak the truth?"

"I guess not. All his friends praise his judgment."—Detroit Free Press.

Blind Man's Buff.

By HARRIET LUMMIS SMITH.

Copyrighted, 1900, by Associated Literary Press.

They had been talking some minutes over the phone—one of those protracted and intimate conversations in which girls delight and which drive to the point of frenzy the man who wishes to get the line in order to tell his wife that he is to take the 3 o'clock train for Chicago.

It was Hildegarde who broke in on her friend's account of Tuesday's german with a little dismayed shriek.

"Goodness! I didn't dream it was so late. I have an engagement in five minutes, and I'm not half dressed."

"Who is it—Darrell?" It was not a question for the telephone, but Irene never allowed her discretion to stand in the way of her curiosity.

"Ye-es." The hesitating answer gave Irene the impression that her friend was blushing. Darrell's adoration of Hildegarde was the season's joke.

"I'M NOT QUITE USED TO THIS KIND OF BLIND MAN'S BUFF."

was, however, a very suitable match. Darrell was preposterously rich and not bad looking.

"Too bad about Jack Carr, isn't it?

"I don't know what you mean." Hildegarde's tone was suddenly icy.

"Why, you don't mean that you have not heard of his accident?"

"Accident! What accident?"

"Bentley Boynton told me about it last evening. I supposed, of course, you knew. You and Jack used to be such friends. Some workmen dropped a bag of lime beside him, and it burst and puffed up into his eyes and blinded him. Poor, dear fellow! But he's so plucky that I dare say he'll make a joke of it."

Hildegarde rang off abruptly. Her head went down on her arms. Tremors shook her bowed figure. Hot tears rained from her hidden eyes.

Jack and Hildegarde had been good friends. The worldly wisdom which belonged to their station in life, the tacit acceptance of the theory that every girl owes it to herself to marry money if she can, alone had kept them from being more. There had been times when the glowing eyes of the young man suggested an almost irresistible temptation to set at defiance the traditions of his class, and the flutter of the girl's heart had acknowledged some uncertainty as to her own course under such circumstances.

But if Jack had kept his tongue in leash, even if his eyes had been less tractable, and had gone his way and left the field to Darrell with his millions!

And now never again would those dear eyes woo her. Never again would she watch from her window that lithe figure swinging down the street as if it walked on air. She saw him groping his way through unending darkness, with only sad memories to keep him company. And then on the desk beside her she saw Darrell's card, which the maid had just laid there.

No one has ever given an explanation of the fact that a woman's tenderness for one man is so likely to result in cruelty to another. But owing to this peculiarity of feminine psychology Darrell's sole reward for a year's devotion was the hasty note the maid brought down five minutes later:

I cannot see you this afternoon. And please do not come again till you are willing that I should be nothing more than your friend.

HILDEGARDE DEVRIES.

"A lady to see me?" Jack Carr, sitting in his darkened room, with a shade over his eyes, betrayed no satisfaction at the prospect of companionship. "What's her name?"

"She didn't say, sir. She said to tell you that a friend would like to see you for a few moments."

"Oh, show her up. I'm not much to look at just at present; but, anyway, the room's too dark for her to see." His philosophy stood by him till a swish of skirts on the stairs suggested an idea so preposterous that his heart leaped. He put up his hand as if to ward off a blow. Then a voice said, "Jack!"

"Hildegarde!" He sprang forward, stumbled over a footstool and regained his balance and his self control at the same moment. "I'm not quite used to this sort of blind man's buff," he said in a rather breathless voice. "You must find a chair, please. Awfully good of you to look me up, I'm sure."

Hildegarde was thankful that the room was dark. In the clear daylight her courage would have failed her.

"It wasn't good at all," she quavered in an uncertain voice. "I just had to see you, Jack." Her voice died away, and she regained it only by an effort. "Jack, tell me—was I mistaken in thinking that you used to care for me?"

The pause that followed seemed an endurably long. "No," Jack said at last in a voice unlike his own—"no, that was no mistake, God knows."

She breathed more freely now that the plunge was taken. Except for the dryness of her throat and her burning cheeks she felt almost at ease.

"But I was mistaken about myself, Jack. I thought I could be satisfied with a great deal of money and a good social position and all that, and what I wanted all the time was you. I have money enough for both of us. I shan't give you a chance to remember your—blindness." She hesitated at the word, but took it gallantly, like a thoroughbred. "I'll be eyes to you and sunlight—oh, Jack, I'll make you happy in spite of everything."

He crossed the room and stood beside her. "Hildegarde!" he cried hoarsely. "You mean that you are ready to refuse Darrell and marry me?"

"Mr. Darrell means well," Hildegarde acknowledged with an air of wishing to give every one his due. "But you're—Jack."

"You—you said something about my eyesight," stammered Jack. "Did you mean"—

Hildegarde caught his hand. "Oh, dearest, that was what opened my eyes! When I heard that you were blind I couldn't bear it, and then I knew perfectly well that I couldn't live without you."

He swept her to him, and a blissful moment followed. But the mysterious sixth sense which belongs to you-bet Hildegarde, to divine disquiet in her lover. She drew away palpitating. "Jack, are you sure that you haven't got over caring for me?"

He was so reassuring on this point that the pearly color came back to her cheeks. "You're not worrying because you're not rich?" she rebuked him quietly. "Why, Jack, we can get along beautifully with what I have, even if I don't come in for a share of Uncle Enoch's money!"

"It isn't that altogether, darling. You spoke about my eyes"—

She flung her arms about his neck. "My eyes are yours from now on, dear. I'll never give you a chance to know that you've lost anything."

"You are an unselfish angel," said Jack with conviction. "But the truth is, dearest, that the matter has been a little exaggerated. It's been quite painful, you know, but the doctor thinks that in three weeks I can go back to the office again."

"Oh!" Horror turned Hildegarde rigid in his arms. "And I've proposed to you without any excuse."

Jack did not answer—verbally at least—but without the aid of speech and in an incredibly short time Hildegarde was convinced that no excuse was needed.

Odd Luck at Cards.

There was an extraordinary illustration of beginner's luck given recently by a young man who had been enticed into a poker game by three "experts." The latter were not professional card sharps, but, well acquainted with the game, had no scruples against fleecing an easy mark. Having very diplomatically induced the youth to enter the game and having explained the cardinal principles to him, the play began. Things went quietly for awhile, but finally the excitement started. One "expert" opened the jack pot with three aces, one of the others came in on a pair, while the "easy mark" drew four cards. The man with the three aces started the betting, but the "easy mark" came right back at him. The "expert," having taken note of the four card draw, concluded that the youth was betting on little or nothing and played his three aces far more strongly than he would have done had his opponent been well up in the game. Finally, when the table was piled high with money, the "expert" called. The "easy mark" laid down five spades, not one of them higher than the nine. "But you drew four cards!" exclaimed the "expert" in dismay. "Which one did you hold?" "I held the two of spades," replied the youth. "But why under the sun did you hold the two of spades?" "That was the only spade I had," said the "easy mark" innocently, and that was the only reason he could give. He played the whole evening in just such luck, and when a half was finally called the "experts" were far behind the game.—Philadelphia Record.

An Affair of Weight.

It is one of the absentminded Professor Rounder's fads to keep himself within certain limits of avoirdupois, and at stated intervals, when he does not forget, he calls at the village stores, tries the scales and notes carefully whether he is going over or under the permitted 225 pounds.

On one occasion he was astonished to observe the machine register 233 pounds. "Tut, tut! Dear me, this will never do!" he frowned. Then a happy smile twinkled in his eyes as he reflected: "Of course. Last week I wore no overcoat."

Removing his outer garment, he threw it over one arm and again consulted the figures. Two hundred and thirty-three pounds!

With a look of scholarly perplexity Professor Rounder walked out into the cold street, still carrying the overcoat over his arm and muttering: "Tut, tut! Dear me! Then I am gaining! This is very serious."—Lippincott's.

Official Directory

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State Treasurer—John O. Sheatz.
Auditor General—Robert K. Young.
Sec'y of Internal Affairs—Henry Houck.

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Lodge Directory.

F. & A. M.—McKean Lodge, No. 388, meets on the second and fourth Wednesday of each month, at 7:30 o'clock p. m. at Masonic Hall, Main street.

CHARLES W. MASSER, W. M.
W. L. SPECHT, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Lodge, No. 389, meets Friday evenings at 8:00 o'clock in I. O. O. F. Hall. Will work Initiary degree first meeting of each month; 1st degree on second; 2nd degree on third, and 3rd degree on fourth meetings.

WADE BURDICK, N. G.
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I. O. O. F.—Smethport Encampment, No. 327, meets the first and third Wednesdays of each month in I. O. O. F. Hall.

J. C. CUNNINGHAM, Chief Patriarch.
J. A. SWANSON, Scribe.

G. A. R.—McKean Post, No. 347, meets first Thursday afternoon of each month, 2:00 p. m. in the Odd Fellows Hall.

B. F. WARNER, Comr.
H. M. CLARKE, Adjutant.

W. R. C.—Meets every Thursday afternoon at I. O. O. F. Hall.

MRS. ADELL GRIGSBY, Pres't.
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W. H. MORRISON, Com.
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L. O. T. M.—Brown Hive, No. 48, meets in I. O. O. F. Hall Friday afternoon.

LYDIA ABBEY, Com.
BELLE KAGAN, R. K.

W. C. T. U.—Meets every alternate Saturday at 3 p. m. in the M. E. Chapel.

Miss E. A. BARKER, Pres.
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P. H. C.—Smethport Branch, No. 43, meets on every Tuesday evening in I. C. O. F. Hall.

C. M. COLEGROVE, Pres.
JESSIE PATTERSON, Secretary.

Phoenix Chapter No. 13, O. E. S.—Meets first and third Thursdays in each month in Odd Fellows' Hall.

EMMA M. HAYLE, W. M.
LETTIE T. COLEGROVE, Sec'y.

I. O. R. M.—Meets every Monday evening in I. O. O. F. Hall. Adoption degree 1st Monday; Warrior's degree and Monday; Chief's degree 3rd Monday.

M. P. GEARY, S.
L. K. HOGARTH, C. of R.

Churches

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Episcopal.—J. Heber McCandless, Rector. Services every Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Additional service at 8 a. m., except on first Sunday of each month. Sunday School at 12 m.

All Saint's Memorial Chapel.—East Smethport—Rev. J. Heber McCandless, Rector. Divine Services and Sunday School every Sunday at 2:30 p. m.

St. Elizabeth's Catholic church—J. F. Dugan, pastor. Services in Swedish Lutheran church at 9 a. m. one Sunday and at 10:30 a. m. on the next.

FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH.—T. D. Ware, pastor. Preaching each Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7:45 p. m. Sunday school at 12 m. Junior Endeavor at 2:30 p. m. Senior Endeavor at 3:30 p. m. Prayer meeting each Wednesday evening at 8 p. m. Ladies Aid Society meets each Friday afternoon in the church building. Women's Missionary Circle meets the second Monday evening of each month at 8 o'clock. All are invited.

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DOCTOR GOLDMAN

By DON MARK LEMON

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"The diamond would have made Egypt's queen humble."

"My God, it is Dr. Goldman!" I exclaimed.

Haufman was grasping the table-cloth, half dragging it from the table.

"It was at Fehzeh, in the summer of '74."

Haufman blanched at the date.

"I had met Maj. Putman and one Lieut. Haufman at Bombay."

I reached across the table and grasped Haufman's arm. I, Maj. Putman, was sitting with Lieut. Haufman at a private dining table in a restaurant at New Orleans, while, from the adjoining table, shut from our view by a curtain, came the voice of Dr. Goldman, who was murdered and buried in the summer of '71 at Fehzeh, India. "The diamond would have made Egypt's queen humble" were the very words he had spoken an hour before we found his murdered body concealed in the brush behind the bungalow of our Indian host.

"Lieut. Haufman told me of a lost diamond in India," continued the voice; "a stone 150 carat, the, the brilliancy of which rivaled that of the 'Pitt.'"

For a moment Haufman leaned against the table and the beating of his heart shook the places; then he drew back and held up a warning hand. The voice went on:

"I was amazed at Haufman's knowledge of precious stones—in handling them he seemed conversant to his very finger tips—and when he spoke of the great size of the lost diamond I did not discredit him, for his knowledge of precious stones gave support to his words; and, in conclusion, I agreed to fit out an expedition for the recovery of this lost diamond, Lieut. Haufman assuring me that he knew the exact spot where the diamond had been lost, and only a lack of funds had kept him from recovering it many months before."

"Haufman," I said, in low and deliberate tones, pointing to the curtain between us and the invisible speaker, "Dr. Goldman, if I were to lift that curtain—"

"No, no, my God, no!" said Haufman starting up.

"If I were to lift that curtain" I repeated, "there would be nothing behind it."

I realized the folly of my words the moment I had uttered them, but they could not be unsaid. My susceptible and high-strung friend had fallen to the floor.

I lifted him up and faced the curtain between me and—the murdered Dr. Goldman—with the lieutenant in my arms.

"So," continued the voice, "taking Maj. Putman into the party as a third representative, for he was a brave soldier and there was great danger to be faced, we left Bombay and traveled about 100 miles northeast to the village of Fehzeh."

Haufman was not unconscious, as I thought, for suddenly he whispered: "He was dead when we found him in the brush, and when we buried him his body had begun to decompose. If you lift that curtain—"

"Haufman, you are unnerved and had better leave this place," I said, realizing how deeply my friend was moved.

"We remained at Fehzeh three days, then Maj. Putman, Haufman, and myself, accompanied by an Indian youth, left the village and hastened to the ruined temple where the diamond was supposed by Lieut. Haufman to have been lost. Lost; no, it had never been lost. It had been stolen and concealed there. I realized this the moment I came in sight of the temple, and noticed Haufman's familiarity with the ruins."

"'Tis false," whispered Haufman, "false. I had never crossed the ruins before. False as the cheat behind that curtain. Bah, I was a fool to think him the murdered Goldman. A cheat, a fraud, a trickster, who has stolen the secret facts of that journey, and, apprised of my wealth, seeks to defame my character for gain. I will unveil him with my own hands."

He started forward to lift the curtain, when I checked him. "Did you ever tell any one of our journey to that Indian temple, or its purpose?" I asked.

"Never," he said, drawing back from the curtain.

"Nor did I," I replied, "and Goldman was found murdered a few moments after our return to Fehzeh, making it impossible for any one to have learned of him the purpose of that journey."

"My God," groaned Haufman, with dry lips, "it is Dr. Goldman."

"We had no sooner reached the ruins," continued the inexorable voice, "than a tropical storm broke upon us, almost sweeping us from our feet. Yet, despite the fury of the elements, Lieut. Haufman quietly called the Indian to his side, fastened a rope about his waist, and bade him descend a narrow excavation beneath the temple and bring therefrom the diamond.

"After a few moments had passed the youth returned. Balancing himself on a shattered pillar he opened his hand. There, in his palm, bare of any wrappings, lay the splendid jewel.

"Then suddenly the diamond glowed like a ball of red fire and, even as we looked, a blue vapor arose from the youth's outstretched hand, and it was empty.

"I started forward, when a sheet of lightning seemed to fall upon my head, and ere I could utter an exclamation the charred and blackened body of the Indian youth fell at my feet.

"One bolt of lightning had consumed the diamond and a second had blasted the youth beyond all likeness to a human being."

It was the murdered Dr. Goldman speaking; there could be no doubt of it now. I turned to Haufman. He was grasping his chair to keep from falling. He paid no attention to me as I went forward and took his arm, but with bent and straining head waited for the words that should come from behind the curtain.

"We took up the Indian's body," continued the voice, "and carried it back to Fehzeh on a litter, veiled from sight by green boughs dripping with the rain.

"Arrived at the village, Maj. Putman explained to the natives that the Indian youth had been struck by the lightning, while, at the same time, I drew Lieut. Haufman aside into the brush back of the bungalow of our host, an Indian physician, and demanded an explanation as to his peculiar knowledge of the diamond and the place of its concealment."

Again I looked at Haufman. He was not trembling now, but his whole body was stiff with tension as he bent forward in that intense listening attitude.

"As I questioned Lieut. Haufman," continued the voice, "he grew insolent, then suddenly demanded to know if I thought that he had stolen the diamond and concealed it in the ruins of the temple. I bluntly replied that I believed him a thief and a trickster.

"Even as I spoke he drew his sword and stabbed me to the heart!"

During the latter part of this speech I had stolen forward to the curtain so as not to miss a word, but now I suddenly wheeled around upon my companion. A horrible light had broken upon me. It was Lieut. Haufman who was last with Dr. Goldman before his death. It was Lieut. Haufman who had fixed the crime of murder upon a native, innocent in every eye but his own. Was it Haufman who had murdered Dr. Goldman?

A moment our eyes met, then, half falling across the table, Haufman cried out: "For God's sake, don't lift that curtain."

I turned half around, clutched the curtain, and threw it aside.

The dining-room before us was empty.

No one had left that compartment, yet to make doubly sure I swept aside the curtains about me and looked out into the open aisle of the restaurant.

There was no one there but a colored waiter. I called him to me and inquired who had just retired from the compartment adjoining my own. He stared, and pointed at the table. Then I saw that the table was set, prepared for a guest, and had not been disturbed.

I paid the bill and led Haufman to my hotel. I had never liked the man, though business had long bound us together. However, I would see that he had justice.

Then arose the question, Was Dr. Goldman alive? No, had I not helped to bury him with my own hands after decomposition had set in?

What, then, was I to make of the voice I had heard, and the speech that could have proceeded only from the lips of the murdered man?

There could be no trick, I well knew, for the knowledge of that journey to Fehzeh and its secret purpose was lodged in but three memories—the memory of the murdered Dr. Goldman, Haufman's and mine, and knowing this I saw no escape from the conclusion that the dead man had spoken.

At about ten o'clock that night some one knocked at the door of my room. Haufman started up from the book that he was vainly endeavoring to read and demanded: "Who is there?"

The answer came distinctly: "It is I, Dr. Goldman."

I believe I never saw such horror as was depicted in the countenance of Lieut. Haufman at these words.

I arose from my chair and softly leaped to the door. Turning my face from the panels so that my voice would seem to one outside to come from a distance, I also demanded: "Who is there?"

"It is I, Dr. Goldman."

Instantly I turned the handle and opened the door. I was confident my visitor would not escape me.

There was no one there and the hallway was empty.

As I stood near the threshold, I distinctly heard some one pass me and enter the room. I wheeled around and filled the doorway with my body to prevent the visitor's egress.

Haufman also had heard the visitor and stood in the center of the room with a painful listening fear in his regard.

Slowly the visitor made the circle of the room, following closely the four walls, but he was invisible to our straining eyes—a horrible presence in our midst and nothing more.

Again he made the circle. We heard his light footfall on the carpet and his calm breathing.

He passed me for the second time and again circled the room. What was his purpose? Could it be that he intended to circle Haufman thus through all the long hours of the night? My God, would he hold Haufman in that charmed circle until the unfortunate man was dead of exhaustion or fear!

Once again the unseen visitor circled the room, but this time he did not approach me as closely as before. Was it that he was fearful of my presence? I thought for a moment that he was, and my courage began to rise, then suddenly I realized the meaning of the change.

Haufman also understood.

The murdered Dr. Goldman was slowly narrowing the circle and approaching his murderer.

When the circle was completed—what then? Would the murdered man stand visible, face to face with Lieut. Haufman, and condemn him with unsealed lips?

My body grew cold as ice, and I seemed to be chained in the doorway to witness this act of retribution devised and executed by—the dead.

Slowly the circle narrowed; inch by inch the unseen visitor was approaching Lieut. Haufman. His light foot-falls were like the muffled ticking of a clock that measured out the moments preceding the doom of a man in the chair of execution.

Then he made the last circle and stood before Haufman.

For a moment there was no sound, —each had ceased to breathe. Then, slowly and distinctly, from the lips of the unseen visitor, came the words:

"I am the spirit of the murdered Dr. Goldman. Come with me."

Another moment and the blood seemed to burst from my very finger tips. I rushed forward to where Haufman was standing. His eyes were wide open, staring directly before him —at what?

I touched his arm. He was dead, and in a moment his body fell to the floor at my feet.

For days and days I lay at the home of a friend, raging of Dr. Goldman and Lieut. Haufman. The tragedy, coupled with malarial poison I had contracted in India, had induced brain fever, and it was fully a month before I was entirely rational.

Then followed a long period of convalescence, during which, day and night, waking and sleeping, I endeavored to solve the mystery that had prostrated me, for I could not bring my mind to believe that the dead had spoken.

But all was in vain, and I realized that the explanation—if the appalling mystery could be explained—must come from outside of myself.

A month after I had quit the home of my friend, I received a letter bearing the postmark of the English office at Fehzeh. Feverishly breaking the seal, I opened and read the following extraordinary communication:

Maj. Putman

Dear Sir: Lieut. Haufman, who died of your rooms on the 3d of October last, suffered a just death, and that at the hands of one who both is and is not the murdered Dr. Goldman.

"Impossible," you exclaim. Yes, exceedingly strange, but true.

It is I, myself, an entire stranger to you and no less a stranger to the unfortunate Dr. Goldman, and Dr. Goldman who was murdered at this village in the autumn of '74, but I am Dr. Goldman only between the hour that Dr. Goldman left Bombay in your company and the conspiracy of the treacherous Lieut. Haufman up to the moment that Dr. Goldman was murdered by Haufman.

Since that previous to that time I am not what an American lecture-maker and traveler, and in no way related to Dr. Goldman, the murdered German savant.

At Fehzeh, India, in the summer of '71, I was accidentally shot through the head and lay at the bungalow of an Indian physician presumably at the point of death.

As I lay unconscious a Dr. Goldman was found murdered and brought to the very house where I was at the time. In the night the Indian physician waiting upon me secretly removed a quantity of the brain substance, tissue and bone from the skull of the murdered Goldman and grafted the wound in my head with the same.

Under the gifted and skillful hands of my Indian physician this extraordinary operation proved a complete success; but, most wonderful of all, when I had fully recovered I found myself endowed with a memory of events outside of my own life; in fact, the memory of the events in the life of Dr. Goldman between the time he left Bombay and the moment of his death.

It was some time before I could realize the meaning of this abnormal memory, but, when I had grasped its full import, I, out of a passionate desire to punish a guilty man, immediately followed you and Lieut. Haufmann to New Orleans. And, by the art of ventriloquism, threw my voice into the dining compartment adjoining yours in that restaurant where I had frequently seen you two Englishmen dine together. Had you lifted the curtain to the right instead of to the left you would have found me in person.

I also threw my voice against your door the night Haufman died, and by the same art of ventriloquism, practiced from an adjoining room, seemed to be in your midst.

A part of the brain of Dr. Goldman being grafted to mine, I was endowed with so much memory as was seated in that part, although there is the alternate belief that my Indian physician—by some psychic power unknown in the west—discovered the life of Dr. Goldman between the time he left Bombay and the time of his murder, and hypnotized me with that knowledge, perhaps to use me as an instrument of vengeance against the murderer of the unfortunate doctor.

After the test in the restaurant, I knew that Lieut. Haufman was guilty, and so followed him up to his deserved death.

Trusting that this will re-establish your health and bring you peace of mind, I remain, my dear Maj. Putman, the incarnated memory of Dr. Goldman—and an American legerdemainist and traveler.

C. B.

I tore and burned the letter. Then I deeply regretted it.

The handwriting might have proved to have been that of the murdered Doctor Goldman.

He Hadn't Tried.

Bacon—I don't believe you know how to pack a trunk properly.

Egbert—Oh, yes, I do. I've watched my wife do it lots of times!—Yonkers Statesman.

IN THE TEMPLE AT SINGAN

By DAVID BRUCE FITZGERALD

(Copyright, by Shortstory Pub. Co.)

My wife's recurrent attacks of homesickness for our farm in Delaware, which time failed to alleviate, determined me to resign my consulate at Singan.

The happiest day in my life was that on which, with my commission as consul to Signan in my pocket, I took the afternoon express north from Washington. The second happiest day was that on which, ten years later, my successor presented his credentials and took possession of the consular agency in Teng street. Mrs. Carhart and I, in view of the many ghastly and fantastic scenes which passed before us, had long agreed that curiosity concerning things Chinese was dead in our souls; but now, when our responsibilities were transferred and our trunks packed, it suddenly revived. Mr. Lan Fu succeeded in accomplishing what we would have declared impossible. His suggestion was that we had never seen the festivities attending the great Festival of Buddha, which occurred but once in five years. This was true enough. We had a very vivid recollection of having, on a previous occasion, heard the indescribable noise of this religious observance; but, owing to the fact that we were both ill with malarial fever at the time, we had not been spectators of the processions.

Mr. Lan Fu was the one bright spot in my official career at Singan. Of an intelligence vastly superior to the average of his race, he had spent several years in the United States, and possessed those manners which, in every country, mark the man of birth and breeding. My friendship with him, which began soon after our arrival, had been uninterrupted; and though I had never been able to break through that barrier of reserve, behind which every Chinaman shelters the mysterious processes of his thinking, I still felt that Lan Fu was a tolerably intimate acquaintance. Lan Fu's official position—that of secretary to his brother, the governor of Shan-si province, with residence at Singan—was also of great service to, me, as on more than one occasion I received hints which were invaluable in enabling me to avoid prospective difficulties. With the arrival of my successor dispossessed us of the consular barracks, Mr. Lan Fu placed an apartment in his house at our disposal until we should be quite ready to depart.

It was on the morning of Thursday that, by special permission of the governor, accompanied by an intimation that it would be well to go in native costume, we were carried in closed palanquins to the great temple in the center of the city, which was a sort of religious headquarters for the province of Shen-si. We arrived considerably in advance of the governor, who, as Mr. Lan Fu rightly conjectured, had been unexpectedly detained.

"It will be impossible for us," said our Chinese friend, "to enter the great temple before my brother comes; but," he continued, pointing across the outer court in which the bearers had deposited us, "there is an apartment yonder which it will be permissible for us to inspect and which contains a curiosity associated with your own country. Possibly you may recognize it."

"I have never told you the mission which took me to the United States," he continued, as we traversed the courtyard toward a doorway in the wall at its north end.

"No; I have always supposed that you went for the purpose of studying the institutions of our country."

"That and something else," replied the Chinaman, smiling. "There has never been any particular reason why I should not tell you the story, except that innate aversion which I have in common with all my countrymen to allowing foreigners to participate in knowledge of our religious and political affairs. I do not know that I should even now relate the story were it not that you are about to depart and that it may interest you to learn the solution of what many people in your country must regard as a mystery."

We passed through the doorway at the end of the courtyard into another walled inclosure, small, square and flanked on one side by the facade of a low building, which we entered. The interior hall was not more than 20 feet square, and was lighted by three narrow windows on each side. It was completely unfurnished except for some statues in niches, which we at once recognized as those of minor deities. A slight, solitary pedestal, some five feet in height, rose in the center of the room. A white silk cushion, elaborately embroidered with golden lilies, lay on its broad top, and on this cushion was placed the object to which Lan Fu directed our attention. It was a small and exquisitely colored vase about 18 inches in height. Its top was yellow, shading through rose-pink to a red body; and Mrs. Carhart, who knew something of porcelain, became at once interested and enthusiastic.

"You have no doubt heard of the celebrated Peachblow Vase," he said, in reply to my questioning look.

"Undoubtedly!" I cried. "Its disappearance was at one time the journalistic sensation of America; and, as I was then the editor of a newspaper in Wilmington, I heard much about it."

"Perhaps you can tell me something," said Mr. Lan Fu, "of the theories which were current. I left the United States just at the time when the mysterious withdrawal of the vase from public notice was beginning to attract attention and excite comment."

"I fear the details have escaped me," I replied; "but, to the best of my recollection, the vase was brought to America by a well-known art connoisseur, who placed it on exhibition in his private gallery, where it attracted much attention on account of the unsurpassable delicacy of its glaze. At his death it was offered at auction in New York city and was purchased for $18,000 in cash by a gentleman who informed the reporters present that he was merely acting as the agent of a famous Baltimore collector. Then, taking the vase with him, he left the auction room; and, so far as I am aware, from that moment to this no American has ever seen that costly bit of porcelain. The gentleman in Baltimore whose name was connected with the sale strenuously denied that he was the purchaser, and the vase was never seen in his collection. Several metropolitan newspapers afterward expounded considerable effort and money in the attempt to solve the problem of its ownership, but all investigation was fruitless."

"Tell us about it, Mr. Lan Fu," said my wife, turning momentarily from her inspection of the curiosity.

"About 16 years ago," said our Chinese friend, "my brother and I were sent to this province, he as governor, and I, then just fresh from my official examinations, as his secretary. The country was in a state of unrest, and we had not long enjoyed our positions here before a revolt broke out and soon attained formidable proportions. It was rumored that a large body of rebels, under the leadership of a religious fanatic, was advancing upon Singan from the north, and this information suggested to us the advisability of concealing our valuables. This vase was brought from the temple, on account of the apprehension in the minds of the priests that it would be the first point of attack, and was placed on a shelf in the governor's private office, where it would be immediately under his eye or my own. The insurrection was suppressed before flight became necessary; but, in the excitement attendant upon mustering the forces at our command, the vase disappeared. Its absence was noticed almost immediately, but the turbulence of the city was such that the trusted household servant who had taken it was never apprehended.

"You will not doubt be surprised when I tell you that the loss of that vase was disastrous to the political fortunes of my brother and myself. Its disappearance, though carefully concealed from the populace, was reported to the government at Pekin, and, though we lost our positions, the emperor was considerate enough to say that we should be restored in case the vase were found and returned previous to the next great Festival of Buddha, until which time popular clamor was not likely to break out. This placed nearly four years at our disposal, and our family did not lack private means to prosecute an investigation. We inaugurated then a careful and systematic search, covering first the province and then the empire. For some time our efforts were unavailing, but finally an agent in eastern China reported that a vase answering to the description of that for which we were in search had been sold to a dealer in curios and taken to America. I was immediately commissioned at a family council to proceed to the United States and institute inquiries.

"I will not weary you with a narration of the difficulties I encountered. Being unfamiliar with the English language, and not daring to confide my mission to a second person, I found it impossible even to locate the object of my search. Indeed, I spent a whole year in San Francisco before I discovered that the bit of porcelain was probably on the other side of the continent. However, as my facility in the use of the language increased, my task became proportionately easier, and on reaching New York my linguistic attainments were so far advanced that I was able to master the sense of the articles in the daily newspapers. With this advantage I was not long in discovering that a celebrated art collection in that city contained a vase which probably, from the description, was the one I sought.

"My unwillingness to confide in the Chinese officials residing in the United States was based upon the fact that I anticipated an unfriendly attitude on their part; and I was aware, too, that with the facilities at their disposal they might easily supersede me in the attempt to recover the vase, which would have meant their advancement and the continuance of my family in disgrace. I went, however, to the Chinese minister at Washington, and representing that I was in the country for the purpose of studying its institutions, and telling him that I wished to visit the large art collections of the United States, secured cards of introduction to the owners of several private galleries, including the particular one I had in mind. A visit and personal inspection enabled me to verify my conjecture that it was the veritable vase which had been stolen from my brother's palace in this city; and, a point equally important to me, I was allowed to examine it with a minuteness which was sufficient to assure me that it was intact. My offer to purchase it was politely declined. I know now that the figure I named was much less than that paid by the possessor at the time; but, knowing the actual value of the article, I feared to offer more lest my anxiety should arouse suspicion.

"In the course of the next year and a half I devised many expedients for securing possession of the baffling bit of porcelain, but none of them were successful. But at length fortune favored me. I learned that, consequent upon the death of the American owner of the vase, it would be sold at auction, together with the whole collection of which it formed a part. Many names were mentioned as those of possible purchasers, but I felt sure that, with the resources at my disposal, it would come into my possession. My preparations were carefully made. Not wishing to appear in person at the sale, lest my determination to buy the article should arouse opposition and thwart me at the last moment, I engaged an American representative, whose allegiance to my cause was confirmed by solemn promises and by the fact that he was to receive $5,000 for his services. His instructions were to purchase the vase at the lowest possible price, but to secure it at any figure not exceeding $200,000, which was the amount I held in reserve for any emergency. It was 'knocked down,' as they say in your country, to my agent for $18,000 in cash. A few hours later I left New York, bound, by way of San Francisco, for Shanghai."

Once or twice during the progress of this narration my wife glanced at me with an expression which plainly suggested incredulity; especially when Lan Fu mentioned the amount he stood ready to pay for the vase. "Surely," Mrs. Carhart remarked when he had finished, "though that vase is extraordinary in its way, I should never have dreamed that it was worth anywhere near $200,000."

"Nor is it," replied the Chinaman, lifting the vase from the cushion and handling it with a carelessness which aroused my keenest apprehensions for its safety. "It could probably be duplicated for what would be the equivalent of a thousand dollars of the money of your country. It is undoubtedly a beautiful specimen of the potter's art, but by no means unique in the Celestial kingdom. You will understand my willingness to purchase it at the figure I named only when I call attention to the fact that there is a hole in the bottom which was not there when I bought it."

"How interesting!" exclaimed my wife; though I do not believe that she, any more than I, interpreted the drift of our friend's remarks.

"You will observe," continued Lan Fu, presenting the article for our closer inspection, "that the base of this vase is very thick—quite two inches, owing to the narrowness of the mouth This fact is not noticeable and would probably be discovered only by one who should take pains to measure it inside and out. The hole in the bottom of the vase is about an inch in diameter and perhaps an inch and three-quarters deep. A small object placed in this hole and carefully covered with a hard cement would, if the operation were skillfully done, be quite likely to escape the notice of any one unaware of its existence."

"Ah! I see," I said. "There was a valuable—a large diamond or something of that sort—concealed in the bottom."

"You are right in supposing that there was something concealed there," replied the Chinaman, replacing the vase on its embroidered cushion, "but it was not a jewel. Come, and I will give you a sight of what cost me a couple of anxious years. My brother will be arriving by this time and we will view the interior of the great temple."

We found the governor and his retinue alighting from their palanquins in the courtyard, and after exchanging the customary salutation we ascended the steps toward the door of the temple, which swung open at our approach. A company of priests, gorgeously clad, welcomed us in the vestibule and conducted us into the splendid hall, which was dedicated to the worship of the god who divides with Confucius the reverence and devotion of the great empire. The ornamentation of the interior, if not beautiful to western eyes, was rich beyond all possibility of estimate. It seemed to me that the glitter of burnished gold and the flash of jewels were everywhere. At one end of the hall there was a gigantic sitting figure of Buddha, executed in bronze and silver. Before it stood a large square table of ebony, inlaid with pearl and precious stones, and supported by four dragons. On this table, rising out of a half globe of iridescent glass, was a solitary lotus flower. Reposing in the heart of the flower was a yellow piece of bone about an inch in length. It was dark streaked and rusty and might have been a broken piece of shark's tooth or the dental remnant of a horse. The company salaamed profoundly at sight of this aged relic, and a few prostrated themselves.

"The Sacred Tooth of Buddha is ready for exhibition to his devout followers," said the governor, breaking the silence and addressing himself to the priests.

"It is ready," replied a voice.

"Then, an hour hence, you will cause the gates to be opened, that all who will may come and behold, and receive the blessing."

Lan Fu's eyes glanced first at the relic and then his gaze met mine. Mrs. Carhart intercepted the look, and we both understood. That ugly piece of yellow bone was worth more than all the crown jewels of China.

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Novelty Restaurant.
New York Counts,
Clams, Cigars
THOMAS YOUNG, PROP'R.

A Lady In Waiting.

By VIRGINIA BLAIR.

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Inez, having disposed of her sables in a corner of the dark settee, took off her gloves and, leaning her elbows on the table, surveyed the tea room.

"Girls," she said suddenly, "will you look?"

Her three companions turned their exquisitely coiffured heads with a jerk.

"Of all things!" they ejaculated, and their amazed eyes met.

"It is Charlotte!" they exclaimed in a second breath.

As if some echo of their words had reached the waitress at a table across the room, she turned and, with perfectly immovable face, gazed on them, but deep down in her eyes was a sparkle of mischievous recognition.

Presently she came to take their order.

"Charlotte Stetson," Inez began, but the waitress leaned over on pretense of brushing away the crumbs. "Hush!" she warned. "Nobody knows me. This is supposed to be a dark disguise." And she was away before they could answer her.

She brought the soup and chops and, salad and sweets, and they, too interested to eat, watched the perfection of her service as she filled glasses, carried trays, placed dollies, made out the check and pocketed triumphantly the tip which Inez maliciously left on the mahogany.

"Where in the world did she learn to do it?" Inez demanded as the door of the tea room closed behind them and they made their way to their motor.

"Charlotte always could do things."

"OH, DICK, DON'T EVER LET MONEY COME BETWEEN US!"

Margaret said. "But why—why is she doing it—waiting on tables in a tea room?"

"Perhaps she has lost her money," Mazie Wight suggested.

"Lost nothing," Inez said elegantly. "Why, she can't lose it. Dad told us only the other night that nobody made such safe investments as her father had done."

"Then why?" Mary Legon demanded, and they shook their heads and gave it up.

But the next day they were back again in the tea room at 1 o'clock.

"Charlotte, you've got to tell us!" Inez said to the expert waitress. "Why are you doing such a thing?"

Charlotte planted the menu card in front of her friend. "I can recommend the stuffed crabs, madam," she said in a inlining tone.

Away she went, to come back presently with flaming cheeks. "Inez, Inez," she breathed, "Reginald Barrett is just coming in. If he asks you about me, tell him I have lost all of my money and am earning my living this way."

"Ah-ah!" Inez said melodramatically. "Now I know what you are up to." Then, as a dapper little man with an upturned blond mustache stood in the doorway, she whispered, "I'll help you out!"

Reginald came over at once.

"Can you make room for five at your table?" he asked Inez. His eyes fell on the trim waitress. He gasped. "Why—why"— And as Charlotte whisked herself away he turned to Inez. "How much that girl looked like Charlotte Stetson!"

"It is Charlotte," Inez's tone was lugubrious. "Poor thing!"

"Why?" Reginald demanded. "Why 'poor thing?'"

"She has lost everything and has to work."

"Oh, but it can't be!" Reginald's tone was dismayed. "I had understood that her money was absolutely safe." He stopped. "I—er—of course it is very sad."

Charlotte, coming back with the crabs, received an illuminating look from Inez.

"Can I serve you?" she asked Reginald demurely, and he stammered: "Oh, yes. I'm sincerely sorry to find you—here—Miss Stetson."

"Please don't talk about it." Charlotte's eyes were clouded, and her tone of distress seemed so genuine that Inez stared.

The girls delayed long over the lunch, and Reginald delayed with them, uncomfortably watching Charlotte as she deftly made the tables ready for afternoon tea.

The room was almost deserted, except for the five, when through the doorway came a big, broad shouldered figure. Charlotte, who was bringing in finger bowls, saw him first, and her tray dropped with a crash. Her face was white as she bent to pick up the little brass bowls. Her dress was wet. Her crisp apron was bedraggled.

As the big man sprang to assist her she fled from the room. And then the big man walked over to Inez and demanded, "What was Charlotte doing in that dress?"

"Oh, Dick!" Inez stretched out her hand in welcome. "Dick Wentworth, when did you get back from Arizona?"

"Yesterday," he told her tersely, "but I want to know what Charlotte is waiting in a tea room for."

Inez glanced at the girls, at Reginald, and then brought out bravely, "She is earning her living."

She expected an expression of sympathy, or condolence, but instead the big man's face was radiant. "Charlotte poor!" he exclaimed. "Oh, where is she?"

"I will find her," Inez promised, "and take her home with me." And she went in search of Charlotte, whom she discovered, red cheeked and wet eyed, in a little room adjoining.

"Oh, Inez," she gasped when she saw her friends, "what does Dick Wentworth think of me?"

"Think!" Inez told her. "Why, he looked radiant when I said that you were poor."

On Charlotte's face dawned an expression of bliss that puzzled Inez.

"What has come over you, Charlotte?" she demanded. "You look as if life suddenly were one sweet song."

"Well," Charlotte blushed as she told it, "it begins to look as if the little plot of my making had been carried beyond my expectations."

"We can't talk about it here," Inez said. "Get your things on and come to my home, and we will talk it over."

When they reached the front door they found the three girls and Reginald and Dick waiting for them. Reginald refused to go with them in the motor.

"I am starting on a long journey," he explained, stilly to Charlotte. "I should have told you before, but my plans have been made hurriedly."

"Bon voyage," Charlotte wished him lightly, but as he went down the street she shrugged her shoulders. "Goodby, little man," she said and laughed and waved her hand to his retreating figure.

Once in Inez's luxuriant home Dick demanded five minutes alone with Charlotte, and when he had her to himself he said: "I love you. You know it, Charlotte."

"How should I know it?" she asked. "You have never told me."

"How could I tell you," he demanded fiercely, "when you were rich and I was poor?"

"What difference would that make," Charlotte asked softly, "if you loved me?"

"A man has his pride," Dick stated.

"And a woman her love," Charlotte whispered. "Oh, Dick, Dick, don't ever let money come between us!"

"It can't now," said Dick securely, "for you haven't any."

And then Charlotte, with her head up, confessed: "I am not poor. I simply tried my little plot to get rid of Reginald Barrett. I knew his motives were mercenary, but mother wanted me to marry him. So while he was in New York for a few days I planned my descent into poverty. I suppose it was silly."

She stopped, then went on softly: "And—and I didn't dream that you were in town—that you would know. That is where my little plot carried beyond my expectations."

"And now that you are rich I must go away"— Dick began, but Charlotte interrupted him with a little cry. "And leave me to be always a lady in waiting?"

"I don't understand."

"I shall always be waiting for your love, Dick." Her mouth and eyes pleaded together.

And then he surrendered. "Anyhow, my old mine is beginning to make good," he stated later, "so I am not quite a beggar."

"You are rich," Charlotte told him as she laid her flushed cheek against his coat—"you are rich because I love you, Dicky, dear."

Old Bridal Customs.

There used to be a custom of strewing flowers before the bridal couples as they went to the church and from the church to the house.

Suppose the way with fragrant herbs were strewing,
All things were ready; we to the church swore going,
And now suppose the priest had joined our hands—

is a quaint old verse that refers to this custom. The Persians introduce a tree at their marriage feasts laden with fruit, and it is the place of the guests to try to pluck this without the bridegroom observing. If successful, they must present the bridal couple with a gift a hundred times the value of the object removed. In Tuscany brides wear jasmine wreaths, and there is a legend that a once reigning grand duke, who at great expense procured this flower for his own particular garden, gave orders to his gardener not to part with any flowers or clippings, but the gardener, who was in love, took a sprig to his sweetheart as a gift. She, being shrewd, planted it and raised from it several small plants, which she sold to the duke's envious neighbors at a great price. In a short time she had saved sufficient money to enable her lover and herself to marry and start housekeeping, and so the Tuscans have a saying that "the girl worthy of wearing the jasmine wreath is rich enough to make her husband happy."

Blamed the Planets.

In the middle of the fourteenth century in Paris a new ordinance enjoining the cleansing of the streets and the shutting up of swine was carefully neglected, as usual, and a terrible plague was the consequence. The faculty of medicine, called upon for a remedy by the king, sent to inform him after long discussion that the plague was the result of a hostile conjunction of the planets Mars and Jupiter.

Both.

"What are you talking about? A thing can't be a great help and a great drawback at the same time."

"I don't know—about a mustard plaster." Boston Transcript.

WASHINGTON LETTER

[Special Correspondence.]

The District of Columbia volunteers of 1861, first to be armed and equipped to respond to the call of the government when Washington was imperiled at the outbreak of the great war, recently celebrated the forty-eighth anniversary of their muster into the United States army.

The proposition was made that the services of the District of Columbia volunteers should be suitably commemorated by the general government by the erection of a permanent to "the Washington infantryman of '61" in one of the parks of this city. One of the veterans said:

"Right here at the capital are many veteran soldiers of the dark days of March and April of 1861, men who stood between those of the south who were ready and anxious to cross the Potomac and occupy the public and other buildings. This was long before troops from any part of the country arrived in the city.

"These men assisted in the inauguration of Abraham Lincoln when no other volunteer troops were here. These men were the first to muster in as volunteers April 19, 1861. They guarded the public buildings and the District of Columbia and made it possible for the government to live.

"These men were first to advance into Virginia and Maryland. Among them was the first man killed, and they captured the first prisoners of war.

First Uniformed Soldiers of '61.

"These men, about 3,500, a small part of whom are still living, were scattered along the banks of the Potomac from opposite Alexandria, Va., to Seneca, Md., doing duty which a little later on required at least ten times that number. They were also called upon to go to Baltimore to assist the Sixth Massachusetts volunteers, who were mobbed on their way through that city April 19, 1861, and who arrived at the capital the 20th of April, the first uniformed soldiers to respond to the call of President Lincoln.

"These men of the District mostly uniformed themselves and paid and paid for their quarters and fed themselves. They never were compensated in any way.

Saved the Capital.

"It is well known that had the men of the south entered the city and placed their flags on the government buildings the world at large would have recognized the Confederacy. It is well known that the District of Columbia furnished more soldiers in the Union army in proportion to population than any state in the Union.

"It has been admitted by those who know that these men saved the capital to the nation and maybe the outcome of the war.

"But these old veterans have had no champion in congress or elsewhere to say anything about the part they took in the dark days of 1861."

Airship Tests at Fort Myer.

Preparations are being made at Fort Myer for the resumption of aerial experiments, which were cut short just fall by the accident to Orville Wright and the fall of the balloon tent which injured the small dirigible, the only airship at present in possession of the government.

Orders have been issued by the adjutant general's office for the return to Washington from Fort Wood, N. Y., of the detachment of signal corps men who will be engaged in the active work.

To Try Aeroplanes.

When the detachment arrives the dirigible balloon will be overhauled to see whether any repairs are necessary. As soon as acid and iron fillings can be secured for making hydrogen gas the dirigible will be inflated and trials made of the wireless telegraph apparatus, which was constructed by the signal service the past winter.

General Allen, chief signal officer, has not yet been notified of the plans of either the Wright brothers or A. M. Herring, who are to try out their aeroplanes at the fort during the months of May and June.

Buddhas For Washington.

At a recent sale in New York of Siamese and Cambodian antiquities, which had been brought together in half a lifetime by a Siamese official, a set of four life sized Buddhas' heads in bronze went to Charles L. Freer of Detroit for $1,650. It is supposed that Mr. Freer intends adding them to his gift to the nation in the Washington gallery. The heads are catalogued as of the sixth, fourteenth and sixteenth centuries, two being of the sixth. One, the catalogue says, came from the ruins of Angkor Wat, one from those of Swankholor Sukhotai, one from those of Anythia and one from those of Chiengrai, western Laos.

A Portrait In Hiding.

A life sized bust picture of Speaker Cannon, minus the cigar, painted in oil and valued at $750, has been lodged somewhere in Alexandria, Va., for several months past and all efforts of amateur sleuths to dislodge it have been unsuccessful. Therefore as a last resort, it is understood, the artist, who is well known in his profession in Washington and other art centers, will appeal to the Alexandria police for their assistance.

The portrait, which was unframed, but was incased in a red flannel bag, was taken to Alexandria by the artist, who proudly exhibited his work to several admiring friends and then left his treasure in some public house while he paid several calls. With the proverbial carelessness of the true knight of the brush, he has forgotten where he left it and is therefore compelled, it is stated, to appeal to the police in an effort to locate it.

CARL SCHOFIELD.

The temple of fame stands upon the grave. The flame that burns upon its altars is kindled from the ashes of dead men.

Pleasure once tasted satisfies less than the desire experienced for it torments.

THE CUCKOO.

Curious Superstitions That Are Connected With the Bird.

There is a popular belief that whatever one is doing when first one hears the cuckoo that will be what one will most frequently do during the year.

In many parts of Scotland and in the northern counties of England people turn their money in their pockets on hearing the first call of the cuckoo, as this, they say, insures a lucky year. In the counties bordering on Wales not only do they do this, but they also have a wish at the same time, this wish being kept secret, of course. To have a gold coin in one's pocket when the cuckoo's call is first heard insures good luck for the rest of the year. The German peasants declare that after St. John's day the bird changes into a sparrow hawk.

The Danes have a curious legend regarding this bird. When the village girls hear its first call they kiss their hands and repeat, "Cuckoo, cuckoo, when shall I be married?". As many times as the bird calls "cuckoo" in answer, so many years will the maiden have to wait. The old folk, bent and bowed with rheumatism and age, ask instead: "Cuckoo, cuckoo, when shall I be released from this world's cares?" and the answer comes in the same way. So occupied is the poor bird in answering these questions, say the Danes, that she never has time to build her nest, so is forced to lay her eggs in the nest of another bird.—Planet.

A GREWSOME BEQUEST.

Extraordinary Legacy by the Father of Lord Audley.

Probably the most grewsome bequest ever named in a will was that made by Philip Thicknesse, a dissipated Englishman, who died in 1792. Some years before his death he had quarreled bitterly with his son, Lord Audley and to spite him had placed on the outside of the family mansion a board bearing this inscription in large black letters:

"Boots and shoes mended; carpets beat, etc., etc., by P. Thicknesse, father of Lord Audley."

Finding he was about to die, he sent for his lawyer and drew up a will containing the following extraordinary clause: "I leave my right hand, to be cut off after my death, to my son, Lord Audley. I desire it may be sent to him in hopes that such a sight may remind him of his duty to God after having so long abandoned the duty he owed to a father who once so affectionately loved him."

The dead man's wishes were scrupulously carried out, and his severed hand, inclosed in a hermetically sealed leaden casket, was forwarded to his son. There is no record as to how Lord Audley received his unwelcome legacy or how he disposed of it.—New York Press.

Beggars of Bombay.

The nuisance caused by beggars in Bombay has assumed unbearable proportions. The orientals practice charity as a religious obligation and relieve poverty where they find it. Recruits from Kohat and Marakal never fail to touch the innermost chords of the natives with their innate reverence for spiritualism, and the faker backs up his appeal for alms with profuse quotations from the poets. Then there are lay beggars and religious beggars, the ash besmeared ascetics who practice mendicancy as a hereditary profession. Last and not least are the unfortunate sufferers whom the loss of limbs or eyes or some foul disease disables for work and drives them to beggary as the last resource. These latter have a genuine claim on our charity, but as there are so few asylums in India for the halt, the maim and the blind the streets and byways of towns are flooded with beggars, pitiful types of suffering humanity.—Rash Gattar.

The Lace Curtain.

Just why there must be lace curtains even where there is no piano or rubber plant or gilt chair has never been explained to the entire satisfaction of man. He only knows that there must and lets it go at that. It often seems to him that if he could have his way, which is out of the question, of course, there wouldn't be lace curtains, at least above the cellar floor. They are in the way when windows are to be lowered or raised; they are apt to blow into the gas and burn down the house, and alarm is constantly sounded for fear the man will spoil or tear them. They do not serve to keep out the light when there is too much of it, and the dog can't roast himself in the sun without getting tangled in them.

Still, there are lace curtains everywhere, and that is all there is to it.—Providence Tribune.

Suspension Bridges.

There is no doubt that the first idea of a suspension bridge was suggested to primitive man by the interlacing of tree branches and parasitical plants across rivers. Probably monkeys used them before men did. In very mountainous countries, such as Tibet and Peru, they have apparently been used since the dawn of history, possibly earlier.

Who Taught Her Caution?

Isabel, aged four, was talking to an imaginary friend over the telephone, when her mother heard her say: "Wait a minute, Rocksy. My brother is right here listening to all you say, and my mother is in the room too. Don't tell me about it now."—Delineator.

Careless.

Visitor—So that's Miss Overton. Don't you think she carries her age remarkably well? Artist—No, I don't. She has dropped several years of it to my personal knowledge.—Illustrated Bits.

Hope.

"Hope," said Uncle Eben, "is a blessin' when you's willin' to back it wif a little hard work, 'stid o' lettin' it play itself out on a policy ticket."—Washington Star.

Enjoyment stops where indolence begins.—Pollock.

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